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FAME

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AND

FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

STOCKS AND BONDS

OR THE FIRM WITH A GRIP ON THE MARKET

AND OTHER STORIES (A WALL ST. STORY) By The Self-Made Man



Ferguson snatched the satchel out of Hal's fingers and rushed off with it. "Stop thief!" shouted the boy starting to follow him. Then Ferguson's two accomplices stepped forward and blocked Hal, shoving him against the side of the entrance.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

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No. 422.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 31, 1913.

Price 5 Cents.

STOCKS AND BONDS

—OR—

THE FIRM WITH A GRIP ON THE MARKET

(A WALL STREET STORY)

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.

THE CALL FOR HELP.

"Ten and tally," called out Sam Davis, making a diagonal line across four vertical marks he had previously drawn in his tally book.

He was standing on top of a load of boxes on a long lighter moored alongside of a big European steamship which lay at her covered pier on West street.

The steamer was taking cargo aboard through five great hatches, and all was bustle and excitement.

The lighter was unloading at Hatch Three.

The other hatches were receiving goods from the pier.

Sam, who was in the employ of the steamship company, was keeping account of the number of boxes sent aboard from the lighter, and his record was expected to tally with the shipping list furnished by the man in charge of the lighter.

This was only one of the various duties Sam was called upon to perform in the course of the week, but it was one that required absolute correctness on his part.

He couldn't go to sleep over the work, for errors were not tolerated.

There was little sentiment wasted by the dock officials, from the lowest to the highest.

Sam knew what he was up against, and being a smart boy, he managed to hold down his job.

As he uttered the words at the beginning of this chapter, which was his mental way of keeping tab on himself, his eyes wandered a moment from the work in hand to the side of the steamer, shining dully in the morning sun.

Coming down the rope ladder was a well-dressed boy about his own age.

As the steamer's upper deck was away up in the air, it was like descending the side of a three-story house to reach the lighter.

It was something of a feat, too, for one unaccustomed to long rope ladders, clinging to the smooth iron surface of a steamer's side.

It didn't seem to greatly bother the lad who was in the act of descending, though he was not accustomed to the exercise.

He landed on the boxes near him and looked around.

Then Sam recognized him, and with some surprise.

"Hello, Hal, what brings you here at this time of the day?" he asked, but taking care as he spoke to keep track of his business.

"Oh, there you are," said his friend, coming over. "I thought I'd give you a call. If I'm in the way, say so, and I'll return the way I came."

"In the way, not at all. Glad to see you, but I don't see how you could get away from Wall Street. Had an errand over this way?"

"No. I just came over to kill time."

"That's something new for you, isn't it? I never knew you to have any time to kill. You messengers are always kept on the go."

"We certainly are. I wouldn't be here now only I had a run-in with my boss this morning and quit the office."

"The dickens you say. What was the trouble about?"

"Two brokers called to see the old man, and as he was busy they had to wait in the reception-room till he was disengaged. They stood not far from my chair and began talking about a tip one of them had got on the prospective rise of a certain stock. As I am always out for information of that kind, I listened to them. One of them got on to me and gave me a call-down. I wouldn't have minded it, as I was in the wrong, only he talked rather nasty, and his manner riled me. I talked back to him, giving him to understand that I wouldn't take such a raking from him or anybody else. Well, he reported me to the boss when they went inside. After they were gone Mr. Green called me in and handed me a call-down. I didn't like it and told him so. One word led to another, and I finally told him he could get another messenger, for I was through. Then I walked out and left the office," said Hal.

Sam listened while he kept his main attention on his work.

Another double five was crossed, and up went the boxes in the sling.

"And that accounts for you being off your job," he said, giving his friend a glance.

"That accounts for it," said Hal.

"Think you'll have any trouble getting another place?" said Sam.

"I'm not thinking of another place at present."

"No?"

"No. The tip I picked up from those brokers was worth more than my job. I have already banked on it to the extent of my capital, and I'm going to spend my time watching the stock until the deal culminates."

"Think you'll make something out of it, eh?"

"I expect to, for I believe it's a sure winner."

"I thought there wasn't anything of that kind in Wall Street."

"There isn't anything actually sure. What we call a sure winner is something that has all the earmarks of panning out."

"Ear-marks is good," said Sam, as another sling full of boxes went up.

"I see they keep you busy here."

"Bet your life they do. A lot of stuff is sent across the big pond."

"You're keeping tab on the number of boxes that go aboard?"

"Yes. I am what they call a checker at present."

"And when this job is done, what will you do?"

"I'm not a mind reader. There is always something for me to do."

"When does this steamer sail?"

"To-morrow morning."

"Will they have her loaded by that time?"

"You can gamble on it they will."

Another steamer was tied up to the pier below.

Nothing special appeared to be going on aboard of her at that moment.

As Hal looked over at her he saw a face framed in one of the round portholes high up near the deck.

It looked like a woman's face, but he wasn't sure about it.

The face vanished, but a woman's arm was thrust out and a handkerchief was waved in a vigorous way.

"Look over at that steamer, Sam. There's a woman behind one of those portholes waving her handkerchief at somebody. I wonder if it's at us?" he said.

Sam took a hasty look.

"She's in one of the staterooms. She might be waving at you."

Hal, for the fun of the thing, took off his hat and bowed.

The arm and handkerchief was withdrawn, but almost immediately the arm reappeared and commenced waving again.

In place of the handkerchief something else was in the hand.

Suddenly the article, whatever it was, flew into the air and fell to the surface of the water, where it floated in a sluggish way.

Having good eyesight, Hal saw the index finger of the woman's hand pointed in the direction of the floating object.

Clearly she was calling his, or somebody else's, attention to it.

The object, which seemed to be a light cardboard box, was drifting slowly toward the shore end of the piers.

Hal called Sam's attention to it and told him how it got there.

"It's a bit of a jolly, I guess," said Sam, turning back to his work.

The arm had been withdrawn, but the face was now at the porthole again.

She seemed to be looking straight down at the two boys, but it was impossible to determine that fact exactly.

Hal walked over to the outer edge of the cargo on the lighter and looked at the floating object.

Then he pointed at it and looked up at the porthole. Out came the arm again and was waved.

Hal was puzzled to understand the meaning of it all unless it was some fool play.

Looking up and down along the side of the lighter he saw a rowboat tied to the end of the craft that faced the river.

He went to that end and looked down at the boat.

The lighter being low in the water, it was a simple matter to get into the boat after untieing the painter from a cleat.

Nobody on board the craft was paying any attention to him. Should he take the boat and row after that white object? It seemed a fool job.

Nevertheless, something impelled him to do so.

He knelt down, cast off the rope and stood up with it in his hand.

Then he waved his hand at the face in the porthole and pointed at the float.

The arm came out once more and pointed, though rather wide of the mark, for the person behind the porthole could not see the surface of the water.

That determined Hal.

He dropped into the boat, got out the oars, and pulled for the object in the water.

Sam missed him, and looking around to see where he had gone, spied him in the boat.

To say he was surprised would be putting it mildly.

"What are you up to?" he shouted.

Hal pointed at the receding float and pulled on.

It took him only a few moments to come up with it.

He pulled it out of the water and saw that it was a thin pasteboard box, tightly tied each way with a piece of string. On the outside was written the words: "Open—Important." Hal looked at it doubtfully.

He was afraid it was a kind of April fool affair.

He had gone so far in the matter that he felt he might as well see it through, even if it was a joke.

He hated, though, to have anybody get his "goat."

He pulled out his knife, cut the twine and opened the box. Inside was a sheet of paper written in lead pencil by a female hand.

It ran as follows:

"Whoever finds this will please notify my father, George Weston, No. — Wall Street, at once, that I am a prisoner in Stateroom No. 11, on the steamer Bristol City, which sails some time to-night for London, England. Ask for any reasonable reward for the service and it will be paid.

"NELLIE WESTON."

"Gee whiz! this can't be a joke!" cried Hal. "The writer is evidently the victim of some crooked business. I'll hustle over to Wall Street at once and call on Mr. Weston. I know there's a broker by that name. The girl struck luck when she telegraphed me out of the porthole. Not one in a hundred would have understood what she was driving at, or taken the trouble to go after this box. I must let her know that I'm going to carry out her wishes."

Hal pulled back to the further end of the lighter, climbed on board and secured the painter to the cleat.

The face was still at the porthole.

Hal held up the box in two sections to show he had opened it.

The arm came out of the porthole and was waved again.

"I'll bet the poor girl is glad," he thought. "I wonder who abducted her aboard the steamer, and why?"

He went over to Sam, who was still checking away.

"I recovered the box the girl threw out of the porthole," he said.

"What in thunder did you take all that trouble for?" said Sam.

"Never mind. I took it, and I guess I did right. Let me read you what was in it," and Hal read the appeal. "What do you think of it? That girl has been kidnaped by some rascal who intends to carry her to England for some purpose, and she's locked up in a stateroom aboard that steamer, which looks like a tramp freighter. I'm going to carry her message to her father in Wall Street, and then I guess there'll be something doing."

"Looks kind of queer to me. You may find it all a hoax," said Sam.

"I'll risk that. I'd rather chance being made a fool of than learn later that I might have served the girl."

"Did you see anything in the papers this morning about a broker's daughter reported missing from her home?"

"No."

"The papers are quick to print anything of the kind."

"The girl might not have been kidnaped till this morning."

"I don't see how she could have been taken aboard that steamer against her will without arousing the suspicion of somebody on board."

"Well, I haven't any time to figure the case out. I'll let you know the results later. Good-by," and Hal started up the rope ladder.

CHAPTER II.

THE BOMB EXPLOSION.

Hal didn't lose any time in getting over to Wall Street.

As a messenger he was accustomed to rapid locomotion, and on this occasion, believing that he was engaged on a worthy errand, he put his best foot forward.

The number he was aiming for was on the south side of Wall Street below Broad.

It was a modern office building, and among its scores of tenants housed many brokers.

Just inside the entrance was the directory of the tenants attached to the wall, arranged in alphabetical order, with the number of the office and the floor on a line with each.

It was a simple matter for Hal to run his eyes down to W, and there, sure enough, was George Weston, Room 555, Fifth Floor.

Hal stepped into an elevator and got out at that floor.

He followed the numbers till he reached the office, the door of which bore the sign, "George Weston, Stocks and Bonds. Standard Securities Bought and Sold."

Entering, he marched up to the cashier's window and asked for Mr. Weston.

"He's not in. Was called uptown an hour ago. I'll take your message," said the cashier.

"He's got a daughter, hasn't he?" said Hal.
The question surprised the cashier.

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"Is her name Nellie?"

"It is."

"Have you heard that anything has happened to her?"

"No. What is the meaning of your question?"

"Read that," and Hal shoved the penciled note through the window.

The cashier read it.

"My gracious!" he exclaimed. "How did you get this?"

Hal explained the circumstances.

"What is your name?"

"Harry Rowland."

"Take a seat, will you? I'll telephone for information to Mr. Weston's house. He went away in a hurry, and looked disturbed. Maybe this paper indicates the reason."

The cashier went to the telephone booth and Hal sat down to wait.

In a few minutes he called to Hal.

"Mr. Weston is at his house, and he wants to talk to you over the wire," he said. "Come inside and go into the booth."

Hal put the receiver to his ear and called "Hello!"

"Are you the young man who just brought a note to my office from my daughter?"

"I brought a note written by a person who signed herself Nellie Weston, which directed the finder to call at the office of George Weston, in Wall Street, and tell him that she was a prisoner in Stateroom No. 11, on the steamer Bristol City, which is to sail for London to-night. The steamer is lying at Pier —, on the Hudson," replied Hal.

"Where did you find the note?"

Hal told him of the circumstances under which he came into possession of the note.

"What is your name and address?"

Hal told him.

"You have done my daughter and her family a great favor, young man, and I will see that you are suitably recompensed for your trouble."

"It was no trouble, sir. You needn't worry about compensing me. After picking up and reading the note, I believed your daughter was in trouble, and consequently I considered it my duty to carry out her wishes."

"I am under the deepest obligations to you, and I won't forget it. The name of the steamer you say is the Bristol City, and she's lying at Pier —?"

"Yes, sir. The young lady is in Stateroom 11, on the starboard side."

"Thank you. Is there anything else you have to tell me?"

"That's all, sir."

"Good-by," and the broker rang off.

Hal left the booth and stopped at the cashier's desk.

"When Mr. Weston comes in you can give him the note, with the box it came to me in. It is of no special importance now, as I telephoned him the facts contained in it, and he will be able to act on them as well as if he had the note. I will go now."

"You had better leave your address with me," said the cashier.

"I gave it to Mr. Weston."

"It might be to your advantage to let me put it down with your name, for Mr. Weston might mislay it."

Hal had no objection to giving it again.

Then he left the office and took his way to the little bank on Nassau street, where he had made his deal on 100 shares of A. & R. stock at 90 before he went over to the river to see his friend Sam Davis.

The reception-room was filled with customers and loungers, all more or less interested in the quotations that were being chalked up on the big blackboard at the end of the room.

This was the first business day in three years that Hal Howland found himself completely at leisure, and the sensation was a novelty to him.

But for the deal he had gone into, which involved most of his capital—a capital made out of the market through divers small deals of a similar nature—he would soon have found time hanging heavy on his hands.

Heretofore he had never had the chance to sit down in the place, as whatever business he had had with the little bank was executed on the sly.

But having thrown up his job, he was the boss of his own movements now, and could sit there as long as he chose.

A dapper young chap occupied the seat next to him, and after a while he began a conversation with Hal.

He told the boy that he was the advertising agent for a certain railroad publication, and was in the habit of taking flyers in the stock market.

He had just made a deal in Steel common, and expected to capture a few hundred in consequence.

He was somewhat inquisitive as to Hal's identity, and why he was in the little bank.

The boy, who did not believe in being too confidential with strangers, skilfully evaded giving out any information about himself.

When Steel common showed a slight rise over the opening price, the young man got up and left.

By that time it was between half-past twelve and one.

As there was no movement in A. & R., Hal left the bank himself at one and went to lunch.

After eating a fifteen-cent lunch he went to the Curb Exchange and hung around there for a while.

Business was brisk within the ropes, but there was no particular excitement.

After a while Hal went back to the little bank and bought an afternoon paper on the way.

Under bold headlines the disappearance of Nellie Weston was set forth.

According to the newspaper there was no clew to what had become of her.

The police had various conjectures on the subject, which, in the light of what Hal knew, were wrong.

The fact was stated that an employee of a certain bank had been paying her considerable attention, but as her parents did not approve of his visits, for the young lady was hardly seventeen, he had been turned down.

His name was Ferguson, and his age given as about thirty.

It was not intimated that he had any connection with the girl's disappearance.

When the Stock Exchange closed for the day, A. & R. had gone up a quarter of a point above what Hal paid for his 100 shares.

Hal hung around Wall Street until his usual hour for going home, and then he took an elevated train to Harlem, where he lived with his mother and two sisters in a flat.

His father, who was a theatrical advance agent, was out on the road ahead of a musical comedy company, which was playing to good business in the Middle West.

Hal said nothing to his mother when he got home about having quitted his job.

He knew she wouldn't be pleased to hear it, and as he had \$200 besides the \$1,000 invested in his deal, he intended to come up with his week's wages just the same as though he were at work.

As he expected to double his investment in A. & R., he was not worried at all about the future.

Both his sisters were office stenographers, who, like him, paid in a part of their wages for the support of the house, and spent the rest on themselves.

The flat was a very nice one on Seventh avenue, with an elevator run by a bright-looking coon in livery, who, between his wages and the tips that came his way, was in prosperous circumstances, and therefore inclined to put on a few frills.

When Hal's sisters got home the family had supper and then he put on his hat and went out to call on a friend.

The friend in question not being home when he called, he started down Lenox avenue to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, intending to go to the Harlem Opera House, where he was on the free list by reason of his father's connection with the profession.

An electric lamp burned in front of a large grocery store, which was closed at that hour, shedding its light on the entrance to a barber shop next door kept by an Italian.

It also illuminated the upper part of a flight of stairs leading from the sidewalk to a basement beneath the barber shop.

The door of the basement was shut and padlocked.

Two men stood at the top of the steps.

As Hal came along they were tossing a coin as though to decide a point between them.

The coin rolled down the steps.

One of the men was tall and had a black mustache and brigandish goatee.

The other was short and smooth shaven.

The short man started down to look for the coin.

The tall, goateed man handed him a package.

At the foot of the stairs, where the rays of the arc light failed to penetrate, the small man lighted a match, as Hal presumed, to look for the lost coin.

The boy thought no more of the circumstance, particularly as his attention was attracted to an automobile which was stalled at the corner close by.

While he was looking at the efforts of the chauffeur to crank her up, which for some reason did not succeed, a man brushed against him, and he saw it was the fellow with the fierce goatee, accompanied by his unwhiskered friend.

They started across the avenue, but had not gone very far before Hal and everybody else in the immediate neighborhood were startled by a stunning explosion.

Hal turned and saw white smoke rising up the steps from under the barber shop, the big show window, bearing the barber's name, of which was a complete wreck with all its contents.

The grocery windows and others near by, including those on the floor above the barber shop, had also suffered from the shock.

Two half-shaven men came rushing panic-stricken from the shop, followed by the terrified proprietor and his young assistant.

The neighborhood was thrown into great excitement, and there was an exodus from all the flats of white-faced men and women, as well as children.

While everybody was up in the air over the cause of the explosion, the sight of the smoke aroused a strong suspicion in the mind of the quick-witted boy.

This suspicion connected itself with the coin-tossing pair. He locked in the direction they had taken and saw them hurrying up the side street.

He reasoned that if they were not guilty of the explosion, which was undoubtedly the effect of a bomb, they would have stopped and shown the same curiosity that was depicted on the faces of everybody else within sound of the noise.

The fact that their only concern seemed to be to get away as fast as they could without running, induced Hal to start to trail them.

They went straight ahead till they reached Park avenue, down which they turned, walking under the New York Central elevated tracks.

Hal shadowed them to a saloon near One Hundred and Sixth street and entered after them.

The beardless man stopped at the bar, but the tall, goateed chap went straight over to the wash-room and disappeared.

He sat in a chair and kept up a furtive watch.

The short man ordered a drink without waiting for his companion.

The tall man soon returned to the bar-room, and Hal was somewhat surprised to notice that he had lost his goatee.

That assured Hal that he had used a false one as a partial disguise.

Its loss made quite a difference in his looks—more than one would think.

But Hal wasn't deceived in his identity.

He walked to the side door, stepped out, and his companion followed.

As Hal had no idea of losing them if he could help it until he had traced them to some place where they were likely to stay long enough for him to bring a policeman into the game, he glided after them in a casual way.

They walked up One Hundred and Sixth street to Third avenue, turned down that street nearly two blocks, and entered a cheap restaurant.

Hal hung back a little while, and when they did not appear he entered a cigar store next to the restaurant and bought a package of cigarettes.

Walking out, he drew out one cigarette, put it into his mouth and, entering the restaurant, asked if he might have a match.

The proprietor pointed to a crockery match-holder, and Hal helped himself to one.

He struck it on the rough side of the holder, and as he lighted the cigarette he turned around and gave a sharp look about the place.

He saw the two men at one of the tables giving their order to the waiter.

Satisfied that they would remain there for a while, Hal strolled outside.

He knew there was a police station on One Hundred and Fourth street, between Third and Park avenues, about half a block from the restaurant.

Throwing away the cigarette, he hurried to it and told his story of the bomb explosion on Lenox avenue.

He described the two men he suspected of being the cause of it, mentioned how the tall one had removed his goatee at

the saloon, and said the men were now eating in the restaurant around the corner in Third avenue.

That was enough to interest the police, and three detectives were detailed to accompany Hal to the restaurant and arrest the men.

CHAPTER III.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING GIRL EXPLAINED.

When they reached the place the only customers in the restaurant were the suspected pair.

"There are your men," said the Wall Street boy.

The officers walked up to them and told them they were wanted.

"What for?" asked the smooth-faced chap, without showing any trepidation.

"You will learn at the station-house," was the abrupt answer.

The tall man protested that it was an outrage to take them away from their meal, but the officers were inexorable, and they had to get a move on.

They looked hard at Hal, whom they believed was responsible for their predicament, and tried to think if they had ever met him before.

At the station they were charged with setting off a bomb at the cellar door on Lenox avenue.

They both denied knowledge of the bomb incident.

After giving their names and addresses, as well as other particulars, they were searched, and the false goatee was found in the tall man's pocket.

He declared that he didn't know how it came in his pocket, but an examination of his chin, just below the under lip, showed that it was "gummy," and as the goatee exactly fitted the gummy spot, the evidence that it had been attached there was regarded as corroborative of Hal's statement.

Then the two men were locked up, and Hal, after giving his name and address, was allowed to go.

It was too late now to go to the show that he had intended witnessing, but he went to the theater just the same, and seeing the business manager in the box office, he opened the door and walked in.

"Hello, Hal, how are things?" asked the business manager.

"All right. Did you hear the bomb explosion a while ago on Lenox avenue?"

"Yes. Somebody tried to blow a barber shop up, I was told by a man who was around there. Were you over there?"

"I was there at the time the explosion happened."

"Were you? Any arrest made?"

"Not on the spot, but the two men implicated in the affair were arrested later on Third avenue near One Hundred and Fourth street."

"How did the police get them?"

"Through me."

"Through you!" cried the business manager, in surprise.

"That's what I said. I followed the rascals and caused their arrest. They would have escaped but for me."

"Did you see them set the bomb off?"

"No, but I saw enough to convince me and any other intelligent person that one of them did."

"Let's hear what you saw," said the manager, in a tone of interest.

Hal told his story, and both the business manager and the assistant treasurer, who was also in the box office, agreed that the evidence against the two men was sufficient to warrant their arrest.

"You are quite an amateur detective, young man," smiled the manager.

"The Police Department ought to recognize your services with a medal," put in the assistant treasurer, with a sly grin.

"Oh, that isn't a circumstance on what I did this morning," said Hal.

"What did you do this morning?" asked the business manager.

Hal told about the note written by Miss Nellie Weston, reported in the afternoon papers as missing from her home, which he recovered from the water after it had been cast out of the porthole of the steamer Bristol City, on board which the girl declared she was being held a prisoner.

"By the lord Harry, Hal, you are going some," said the business manager. "You are sure to be in the newspaper limelight to-morrow. When did you get hold of that note?"

"About half-past ten."

"The girl should have been rescued long ago, and the facts ought to be in the evening editions. Have you looked?"

"No. The latest paper I have seen was a five o'clock edition, and there was very little that was new about the case."

"You've got a sporting extra here, haven't you, Joe?" the business manager asked of the assistant treasurer.

"Yes; there it is. The only thing I looked at was the baseball scores."

The business manager grabbed it up and turned to the first page.

Across the top of the paper, above its heading, was the line in big type, reading:

"Missing girl found on tramp steamer."

"There you are," said the business manager, pointing at the line. "Now let's see if the facts jibe with your story."

Under the usual scare heading the paper printed all the facts connected with the finding of Miss Nellie Weston.

Hal's name was there, as the person directly responsible for her rescue.

What the boy had said was fully verified with additions.

It appeared that Ferguson, the young lady's ardent admirer, was behind the abduction, and that his purpose had been to take her to England and there force her to marry him.

He called at her home that morning and invited her to take a short walk with him, as he wanted to talk with her before he left the city for Chicago, where he said he was going at once, as he had accepted a fine offer from a bank out there.

She, however, refused to leave the house, saying that whatever he had to say could be better said in the parlor.

Thereupon he seized her and threw a handkerchief over her face and held it there.

Miss Weston said she struggled to release herself and endeavored to scream, but her senses left her almost at once.

The next thing she knew was finding herself in the state-room on the steamer, with Ferguson waiting for her to come to.

Then he told her his plans, but offered to call them off if she would solemnly promise to go to Hoboken with him, give her age as eighteen, and marry him.

Upon her refusal he left her, stating that the steamer would leave that night, and that as he had represented her as somewhat deranged, any fuss she might put up would avail her nothing.

The young lady did not give in to despair, but set about thinking of some way to defeat her abductor's plans.

She wrote the note that led to her rescue, put it in the pasteboard box she found in the locker, and then seeing the two boys on the lighter a short distance away, started to attract their attention, with the results already described.

Miss Weston declared that she was deeply grateful to Harry Howland for acting so promptly in her behalf, and she expected to have the opportunity soon of expressing her sentiments to him in person.

Such was her statement, as given to the press, and the paper said the police were looking for Ferguson, and expected to land him in jail in a few hours.

The strange part of the proceedings was that nobody in the house had seen Miss Weston carried out of it by Ferguson, nor had any one in the neighborhood observed the abduction, though it took place in broad daylight.

The inference was that Ferguson had a cab waiting outside, for he could not have taken her away otherwise.

The police were trying to locate the vehicle which had taken part in the kidnaping in order to arrest the driver, who was regarded as a confederate.

The steamer's second officer, who was on duty at the time Miss Weston was brought to the pier and taken aboard, as well as the steward, and one or two others connected with the steamer, were subjected to police examination, and their statements showed that the girl had been represented by Ferguson as mentally unbalanced, and he was conveying her from a sanitarium to her home in England.

"Well, Hal, you are a hummer," said the business manager. "All these facts will be republished in the morning papers, and you must send your father a copy of one of them with the story marked. The bomb incident will also be printed and you must mark that, too. It will give him a new opinion of you."

"I must buy a sporting extra and take it home for my mother and the girls to read," said Hal. "Heavens, but they'll have a fit."

"Saving this broker's daughter may turn out the romance of your life," grinned the assistant treasurer. "Her father is probably well fixed. As the paper calls her a pretty, vivacious girl, this is your chance to land some day in the butter tub. Nothing like making hay while the sun shines. You have made yourself solid with her and her people, and as you're

a good-looking chap, I see no reason why you shouldn't win the girl and a wad of her father's dollars in the end."

"Thanks for the suggestion, Mr. Wise. I'll make a note of it," said Hal. "Good-night, gentlemen."

Hal bought a sporting extra of a newsboy outside and took it home with him.

"We heard something that sounded like an explosion soon after you went out," said his sister Susie. "Do you know anything about it?"

"I know all about it, for I was standing close by when it went off."

"You don't mean it. What was it?"

"A bomb."

"My gracious! Where did it go off?"

"On Lenox avenue, a few blocks from here."

"Did it do much damage?"

"Quite a bit, I guess. At any rate, it created a lot of excitement in the neighborhood."

"I should think it would. I suppose it was another of those outrages we occasionally read about."

"The two men responsible for it were caught."

"I'm glad to hear that. Generally they get away."

"Those chaps would have got away only for me."

"Only for you?"

"Yes," and then Hal told his sister how he followed the two men he had seen at the place where the explosion happened until they stopped at a restaurant on Third avenue to eat, when he turned the matter over to the police and they were arrested.

"What a boy you are, Hal!" cried his sister. "I suppose you'll have to appear against them in court?"

"I have promised to do so, and if I don't keep my word the police will be after me, for they have my name and address."

"Mother won't like to hear that you are mixed up in this matter."

"Where is she?"

"She and May went in to see Mrs. Dixon a few minutes, and have been there for more than an hour."

"Well, you know I told you all at the supper table about what I did for the girl who wrote that she was a prisoner aboard the steamer Bristol City."

"Yes."

"And you read what the paper said about the missing girl?"

"Yes."

"And you were all satisfied that the two girls were the same?"

"Of course. There was no doubt about it. The paper said the girl's name was Nellie Weston, and that her father was a Wall Street broker. The note you picked out of the water was signed Nellie Weston, and the writer said her father was George Weston, of Wall Street."

"Here is the sporting extra, and it clears up everything connected with the case. Read it."

Susie did so, and she soon came upon her brother's name in print.

"Why, they've got you in it," she said.

"Of course. The story wouldn't be complete without me, seeing as I blocked the kidnaper's game by carrying the message to her father."

Susie read every word, and then rushed across the hall into the Dixon flat to show the paper to her mother.

When Mrs. Howland and her daughters returned to their flat, Hal was in bed.

CHAPTER IV.

HAL VISITS THE WESTONS.

"No use of my going downtown this morning, mother," said Hal at breakfast, "for I've got to be at the police court at ten."

"I suppose not. I am sorry you mixed yourself up in the matter. It was the business of the police to catch those men, not yours."

"That's all right, but the police probably wouldn't have got them if I had not trailed them to the restaurant."

"But it was not your business to trail them."

"As there wasn't a policeman around at the time the bomb exploded, I think it was my duty to prevent the rascals from getting off scot free."

"You will gain nothing but notoriety by it, and following so soon on the heels of what you did for that young lady, it is likely to give you a prominence that I object to."

"Well, it can't be helped. I think I did the right thing."

"Your employer will not be pleased to have you report late at the office."

Hal made no reply to that, and soon afterward he put on his hat and went out.

He was in court at about ten, and had to wait half an hour before the two men were brought to the bar.

They pleaded not guilty.

The barber whose shop had been partly wrecked was in court.

He had previously been called upon to identify the prisoners if he could, but he couldn't, for he had never to his knowledge seen them before.

He declared to the police that he knew of no reason why his establishment had been singled out for destruction, though on being questioned he admitted that he had been obliged to discharge his previous assistant for good cause, and that the man had told him on leaving that he would regret it.

Neither of the accused was that man.

When Hal was called on to testify at the examination of the men, he told what he had observed about their actions at the scene of the explosion.

The most convincing part of his testimony was the package he had seen the tall man pass to the small one as he started down the steps ostensibly to look for the piece of money which had rolled down to the basement door.

Neither carried this package away with him as far as he could see, and nothing of the kind was found on them when they were searched in the police station.

The lighting of the match, while the most natural thing in the world when taken in connection with the missing coin, was also a necessary preliminary to the setting off of a bomb.

The flipping of the coin was an excellent blind to cover the real object aimed at, but still as no one had actually seen the small man set off the bomb, Hal's testimony could only be accepted as circumstantial evidence.

Direct proof being lacking, the magistrate decided to hold the matter over until the police had made further investigations.

He placed bail at \$500 each, and this being furnished by two friends of the accused, they were allowed to go.

Hal then took an elevated train downtown and reached the little bank about noon, where he found that A. & R. had gone up to 91.

When the Exchange closed at three it was ruling at 91 3-5.

He reached home at the usual time and found a letter awaiting him from Broker Weston, inviting him to call at his house on Madison avenue at his earliest convenience.

He went around to the nearest drugstore, looked up the broker's house telephone number, and called it up.

"Well," replied a girlish voice.

Hal wondered if Nellie Weston was on the wire.

"Is Mr. Weston at home?" he asked.

"No. He hasn't come home yet. Who is this?"

"Harry Howland. I—"

He heard the girl utter an exclamation.

"You are the boy who did such a great service for me yesterday."

"Are you Miss Weston?"

"Yes. I can't tell you how grateful I am to you. I hope you will call and let me do it in person."

"I will call if you really desire I should."

"I do desire it very much indeed."

"When I got home a few minutes ago I found a note from your father asking me to call as soon as I could. I decided to do so, and I called your house up to find out when it would be convenient for me to do so."

"Any evening that suits you."

"I can call to-night or to-morrow evening. Which shall it be?"

"We will look for you this evening if you say so."

"Very well. I will be at your house around eight o'clock. But really, Miss Weston, I am not looking for any thanks for what I did for you. The moment I read your note I recognized my duty and carried it out. I know you feel grateful to me for saving you from what was in store for you, and your acknowledgment of the service is really all that I am entitled to," said Hal.

"You say that very nicely, Mr. Howland, and I appreciate your sentiments. It makes me all the more desirous of repeating my thanks to you in person. Then my father and mother would hardly feel satisfied unless they thanked you, also, in person, so you see you will oblige us very much by calling this evening."

"Very well, Miss Weston, I will be on hand at the time I stated. Good-by."

He rang off and returned home.

At the supper-table he told his mother and sisters that he

was going to call at Broker Weston's house that evening in response to Mr. Weston's note.

"Dear me, I hope you won't lose your heart to the girl you have saved," said his sister May, with a mischievous smile.

"What do you care?" replied Hal.

"We can't afford to lose you yet, brother dear."

"What are you talking about? I'm only eighteen."

"True, I had forgotten you were too young to think about matrimony."

"I don't intend to take up with any girl until I can see my way to support her in the proper way."

"I suppose that Miss Weston, being the daughter of a Wall Street broker, has everything her heart can wish for."

"I guess she doesn't suffer for anything she wants."

"Well, you must let us know all about her when you come back. She doubtless has many admirers in her own set, and you can hardly expect to compete with them."

"I haven't said anything on the subject. You're doing all the talking."

"The newspapers say that she is much above the average in good looks."

"If you girls got into the newspaper limelight the reporters would say the same thing about you."

"That is real complimentary of you. I sincerely hope we may never get into the newspaper limelight."

"I hope you won't, either, in such a way as Miss Weston has. You might not be lucky enough to find a rescuer at your elbow like she did. I tell you she was mighty fortunate, for not one person in fifty would have taken a boat and gone after that floating box. It looked too much like a fool's errand. Take it from me, Sam Davis wouldn't have done it. When I think the matter over, I wonder I went after it."

Hal pushed back his chair and went to his room to dress for his visit.

He left the house at a quarter past seven, looking his best.

A maid answered his ring at the Weston house, and on giving his name he was shown upstairs to the family sitting-room, where he was received by Mr. Weston.

"I'm glad to make your acquaintance, Howland," said the broker, shaking him cordially by the hand. "You have rendered us a great service, and we cannot thank you enough."

"You are welcome, sir," said Hal.

In a few minutes Mrs. Weston came into the room, and expressed the pleasure she felt in meeting the young man to whom they were all so much indebted.

Then Miss Nellie herself made her appearance looking most charming in a handsome house gown that fitted her to perfection.

Her father presented Hal to her.

She was a pretty girl beyond a doubt, and the Wall Street boy was much impressed.

"I suppose you don't recognize me, for you saw me at a distance," said Hal.

"Well, I don't know. Your face looks a bit familiar to me," she smiled.

"I'm the boy, anyway."

"There's no doubt about that, I guess," she said, with another smile. "I'm awfully glad to meet you."

"And I'm glad to meet you."

"I am now able to thank you in person."

"I regard it as a privilege to have been called upon to render you the service in question, so I guess we're even, aren't we?"

"Oh, dear no, how could we be? You saved me from being carried across the ocean to England by that detestable man. Over there he would have had me fully in his power, though I don't believe I would have consented to marry him under any circumstances. I assure you that my gratitude to you is boundless."

"All right, Miss Weston, I accept your gratitude as payment in full for services rendered," said Hal.

The conversation then became general, and Hal passed a pleasant time till ten, when he got up and said he guessed it was time for him to go.

He received a cordial invitation to call again at an early date, and, promising that he would, he took his leave.

CHAPTER V.

HAL AND THE GIRL WHO FURNISHED HIM WITH A TIP.

The police failed to find Ferguson, the abductor, and the conclusion they reached was that he had gone out of the city.

The authorities of Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other places were asked to look out for him and arrest him on sight.

Hal was at the little bank next morning at ten o'clock, and he put in most of his time there the rest of the week, during which the stock rose slowly to 95.

He handed his mother his usual contribution to the house when he got home on Saturday, and she entertained no suspicion that he was not still working for Broker Green.

On Monday, A. & R. began to attract notice, and the speculative brokers dealt in it to some extent.

The price fluctuated, but the trend was upward, and it closed two points above the opening figure.

Next day it went to par and the outside speculators got in on the game and bought to the extent of their capital.

On Wednesday it ran up to 105, and Thursday it boomed to 115.

That was risk enough for Hal and he sold out, clearing a profit of \$2,500, which was more than he had calculated to make.

Next day a bear clique jumped on the stock and it tumbled back to par, causing a panic among the lambs who were long on it at the time.

A few days later he met Bessie Burton, Broker Green's stenographer, on the way to her lunch.

"Why, Hal, how came you to leave the office so suddenly?" she asked.

"I had a run-in with the boss and quit."

"That was too bad. When I heard you were gone I felt awfully sorry, for we were such good friends, you know."

"I hope we are still, Bessie, even if I am out of the office."

"Of course we are. Have you got another position?"

"No. Don't want any."

"Why not?" she asked, opening her eyes.

"Because I am doing better as my own boss."

"Are you in business for yourself?"

"If you call speculating in the market a business, I am."

"But you did some speculating while you were in the office, that is on the quiet, and you were pretty successful."

"I am more successful now, for I can give all my time to any deal I have on the hooks. I made \$2,500 since I quit Green."

"As much as that?"

"Yes, as much as that."

"Do you know I'd like to speculate, too?"

"You would? Have you got the bug?"

"I'm afraid I have," she replied, laughingly. "I got hold of a tip this morning, but as all my time is engaged at the office, I don't see how I can make use of it."

"Hand it over to me and I'll make use of it if it's any good and give you ten per cent of what I win if I'm so lucky."

"I'll do it. How much stock can you buy on margin?"

"You mean by plunging—going the whole hog, make or break?"

"Yes."

"Three hundred and seventy shares."

"I've got \$1,500 in the savings bank. If I get you \$1,300 of it you could buy 500 shares."

"Surest thing you know, Bessie. If you do that I promise to put the deal through, and if we win I'll hand you all you make on the 130 shares and ten per cent. of what I make on my 370. That's fair, isn't it?"

"It certainly is; but the tip is worth whatever it costs you," said Bessie, who was out after all she could make.

"I'm glad to hear it. Let's hear all about it."

Bessie told him that that morning Broker Green had been engaged by a syndicate to buy every share of D. & L. he could pick up on the quiet, that is, outside of the Exchange.

He was furnished with a list of brokers to call on.

Two other brokers had been taken on for a similar purpose, and they had been supplied with similar lists embracing different brokers.

None of the three were to call on any broker not on his own list.

"The stock is now ruling at 80," said Bessie, "and the syndicate expects to send it up to 100 or over. The combine has lots of money. The gentleman who made arrangements with Mr. Green said the Manhattan National was behind them. All shares bought were to be delivered C.O.D. at that bank, which was acting as treasurer, advancing seventy per cent. of the market value on the shares as fast as they came in."

Hal was satisfied the tip was a good thing, and asked Bessie when she would let him have the \$1,300.

"Meet me in half an hour at the entrance of our office building and I will give it to you," she said.

"All right. I'll be there," said Hal, and he hastened to his lunch.

Then she went down to the Seaman's Bank and drew the \$1,300.

Hal was waiting for her at the office entrance.

As she passed the money to him, Broker Green came out of the door and saw them both.

He was greatly surprised to see his stenographer hand his late messenger a small roll of bills, but did not dream that the sum amounted to much.

Nevertheless, he was suspicious as to the transaction, and his new office boy approaching at that moment, he called him, and pointing Hal out, told him to follow him and see where he went.

When Hal parted from Bessie he went straight to the little bank and bought 500 shares of D. & L. on margin at 80.

Green's boy did not follow him into the little bank, as he had not been told to do so, and so did not find out what he did inside.

Later he reported to Green.

That satisfied the broker that Hal was speculating, and that he had persuaded his stenographer to lend him some money to help him out.

He called the girl into his office before he went home, and said:

"Have you seen Howland lately?"

"Yes, sir; I saw him this afternoon when I went to lunch."

"Did he tell you what he was doing?"

"Yes."

"What is he doing?"

"I'd rather not say, sir, as it was told to me in confidence."

"Hum! Well, it has been reported to me that he is speculating at the little bank on Nassau street."

Bessie made no reply.

"It was also reported to me that you loaned him some money."

"No, sir, I did not," she replied.

"My informant saw you hand him a roll of bills."

"I'd like to know who your informant was," said the girl, spiritedly.

"No matter. Whatever he says is to be relied on. You gave Howland some money around one o'clock to-day, didn't you?"

"As it's nobody's business but my own, I decline to say whether I did or not," said Bessie, with a flush.

"Very well. I won't press the question. I merely wish to warn you against loaning that boy any money. He is bound to lose it in a bucket-shop, and then he will be unable to pay you back—at least, for some time. That is all, Miss Burton."

Bessie got up and returned to her den in the counting-room.

"I should like to know who saw me let Hal have that money, and then reported the fact to Mr. Green," she thought, a bit angrily. "Maybe it was our new boy. I do not fancy him much, for he looks like a sneak. I suppose Mr. Green thought I loaned Hal \$10 or so. There would be something doing if he knew I passed him \$1,300 of my money to put up on D. & L. He would know then I had heard something not intended for my ears, and he would read me the riot act. Well, I ought to double that money on the tip, and with ten per cent. of what Hal makes on his \$3,700, I won't care much what happens. I am a first-class stenographer and typist, and can always get a good position if I should lose this one. Anyway, with \$3,000 in my pocket I could afford to take a vacation for a while. In fact, I might carry out my ambition of opening up as a public stenographer. I could get plenty of work by looking for it, and by hiring two or three girls to do it, I could do a land office business and make a lot more money than Mr. Green pays me."

Bessie gave her head an independent toss and went on with her work.

She was an independent little lady just eighteen, an orphan, with no one to rely upon but herself.

She had a room at the Young Women's Christian Association in Harlem, and got her meals wherever the whim suited her.

She had been working for Broker Green just one year, and during that time she had picked up a whole lot of Wall Street experience.

She and Hal were chums to a certain extent, and she missed him greatly when he suddenly disappeared from the office.

She wondered that he didn't come around and waylay her on the way to lunch and let her know what was the trouble, and she felt almost angry with him because he didn't.

She saw his name in the paper in connection with the kidnaped broker's daughter, and also the bomb outrage, and she wondered if these matters were engrossing his attention.

She did not know that he was busy watching a stock deal in which he had most of his funds invested.

Neither did she know that Hal had made a couple of attempts to meet her, and had failed for one reason or another.

When she did meet him, as we have seen, her brain was too

full of the tip she had captured to haul him over the coals, and now that she had gone into a sort of partnership with him in the D. & L. speculation, she let the matter go by default.

He had promised to meet her every day after that in order to keep her in touch with the deal, and she was satisfied with that arrangement.

CHAPTER VI.

A GIRL WITH A BUSINESS HEAD.

A 500-share deal, involving a deposit of \$5,000, was an exceptional transaction at the little bank, which had the reputation of being a bucket-shop, though the proprietors repudiated the insinuation, as most of the customers were people who were financially unable to go higher than fifty or a hundred shares at a time.

Consequently, when Hal put in his order for that amount of D. & L., the margin clerk regarded him with some interest.

"You're getting to be some speculator, Howland," he said.

"Oh, this is just a flyer," grinned Hal.

"A flyer! Have you been robbing the safe over at your office?"

"What office do you refer to?"

"Why, Green's, where you work."

"I'm not working for Green any longer."

"Aren't you? When did you quit?"

"The day I saved the daughter of Broker Weston from going to Europe against her will."

"I forgot about that distinguished service. I begin to see the hole in the millstone."

"What hole, and what millstone are you talking about?"

"I begin to understand where this sudden wealth of yours has come from."

"You've got a great head, Higgins, only it is not properly furnished. Your gray matter is not working along the right lines. If you deduce from the fact that I did Broker Weston's daughter a great service that her father has contributed royally to my exchequer, you are as much mistaken as if you had lost your shirt."

"I don't know where else you could have picked up \$5,000."

"Is your memory so short that you don't remember I won \$2,500 on my A. & R. deal a day or two ago? You yourself handed me a check for \$3,500 odd, which included my deposit."

"That's true enough, but \$3,500 isn't \$5,000."

"It's within \$1,500 of it, and don't you suppose that I had some change left over when I went into that deal?"

"I thought you put up all of your money."

"Well, thought is a very unreliable thing to bank on. Where's my memorandum?"

"There it is. I hope I shall have the pleasure of returning you your \$5,000 with a surplus."

"I hope you will," said Hal, who then walked away.

On the following day at half-past twelve, Hal met Bessie according to their arrangement in front of the Sub-treasury Building.

"Well, Bessie, I've made the deal. Here is the memorandum. If there is any slip-up about it, we stand to lose our money," said Hal.

"I don't think there will be any slip in our coming out ahead," she said.

"You say the syndicate is figuring on pushing it up to par?"

"Yes."

"If it should go that high, and I should hold on to that point, we will win \$10,000 between us."

"That would be fine," she said, her eyes sparkling.

"It surely would. Your share, including ten per cent. of my winnings, would amount to over \$3,000. At your present wages of \$15 you wouldn't earn that much in four years."

"If I make \$3,000, or even \$2,000, out of this speculation, I shall resign my position right away."

"What for? Fifteen plunks a week are not to be sneezed at."

"I think I can do much better by starting out as a public stenographer. It has always been my ambition to go into business for myself and thus be independent of any one employer."

"By George, Bessie, there are no mosquitoes on you. That's my idea, too. As soon as I make money enough I'll open an office for myself."

"Let us open an office together. You take half a room and I'll take the other half."

"Not a bad idea. But, I say, what's the matter with our going into partnership? Howland & Burton, Stocks and Bonds,

on the door in big letters, and at the bottom, in small letters, Miss Burton, public stenographer."

"I'll consider your suggestion, but if I accept your proposition, the sign must be different. It must be Howland & Co., Stocks and Bonds, with my name at the bottom."

"All right. Any way you say. But we mustn't count our chickens before they are hatched. Everything depends on how we come out on our combined deal."

"Of course; but I guess we'll come out all right."

"I think we'd make a bang-up firm, for we're both ambitious to get ahead and make money. You think more of business than you do of putting on frills. The frills will come later after we are established. It will be something new and out of the common for Wall Street to have a boy and a girl brokerage firm. Heavens, if the newspaper fellows heard about it there'd be a half-column story with our pictures in all the dailies, and half of the brokers in the Street would invent some excuse to call in order to see the fair member of the firm," grinned Hal.

"That wouldn't do at all," said Bessie. "I don't like men enough to want to have them calling on me except on business. That's one reason why the firm would have to be Howland & Co. As the Co., I could remain in the background. The other reason is that as my name would have to go on the door as a public stenographer, it wouldn't do to have it up as a partner in the brokerage end."

"I guess you're right about that."

"Well, I must go to lunch now. I'm afraid the cashier will think I've taken more time than I'm entitled to."

"That's right. Good-by. I'll see you to-morrow at the same time and place."

They met regularly every day after that, and D. & L., after a slump of five points, began going up steadily till it reached 88.

That figure was reached ten days later, and then it jumped in one afternoon to 95.

Brokers and the lambs, too, believing another boom was on, got busy buying.

While the former sold again at a small advance, the latter held on to see how high the price would go.

On the following day the stock dropped to 92, and scared a lot of small speculators out of a week's growth.

The small fry hastened to sell.

While their brokers were executing their orders the price advanced again.

Then those who had sold at a small profit, or no profit at all, began kicking themselves, and most of them bought again on the strength of what was coming to them.

This enlarged the brokers' commissions.

Whichever way things went in the market those gentlemen managed to get their pound of flesh.

With business piling in on them the brokers were exceedingly jolly.

After the exchanges closed they hied themselves to the baseball games, leaving the routine work to their clerks.

Those who didn't go to the games enjoyed themselves otherwise.

As Hal's business day was over at three, with the closing of the exchanges, he sometimes went to a game, too.

The deal appeared to be breaking his and Bessie's way, and he was as happy as any of the brokers.

His mother and sisters, as well as his Harlem acquaintances, supposed he was still working for Green, and he did not let on to the contrary.

One of these days he hoped to be able to give his folks the surprise of their lives.

When D. & L. got up to 98 he began to consider the advisability of selling out.

"I think I'd better get out from under," he told Bessie that day. "It isn't safe to hang on for the last dollar. The stock is up to 98 now, and it may never go to par. At any moment it may go to pieces, and all our profit would be lost to us. At this moment we stand to win \$18 a share."

"How much will I make if you sell now?" she said.

He figured it out in his head.

"Allowing for commission and interest charges, I should say a little less than \$3,000, which includes your ten per cent. rake-off on my winnings."

"Sell out, then," said Bessie, promptly.

"All right, pard. Sell it is. I'll hustle back to the little bank, put in my order and then go to lunch with an easy conscience."

When he got back to the bank he found that D. & L. was up to 98 3-8.

He ordered his stock sold.

He hung around the room for fifteen or twenty minutes, during which the price went up another eighth, and then satisfied that he and Bessie were out of the game, he went to lunch.

On the second morning following the bank settled with him.

Bessie's profit on her 130 shares was \$2,340, with a rake-off of \$667 on Hal's profit of \$6,670.

"That gave her \$3,000."

When he met her that noon he handed her that sum, plus her deposit of \$1,300.

"Now I'm worth \$4,500," she said.

"And I'm worth close on to \$10,000," he said. "How about that partnership?"

"I'm on," said Bessie.

"Good. Is it an even proposition of \$4,000 each?"

"We must talk it over first. I don't intend to commit myself till I know just where I am. To-morrow is Saturday. We'll meet here at one o'clock and I'll let you treat me to a nice lunch. While we are eating we will go into all the particulars, so come prepared with facts and figures."

"You're business from your shoes up, aren't you? You are the right kind of partner to have. I'll look around for an office this afternoon, for I guess we'll double up all right. You wouldn't lose the chance of going in with an enterprising young fellow like me for a minute, and I couldn't duplicate you in all Wall Street."

"I know," she smiled. "I like you a whole lot, Hal, but, nevertheless, business is business. It isn't as if we were going to get married, you know."

Then she walked off.

"She's a hummer, all right," said Hal, looking after her.

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEW FIRM.

Hal met Bessie according to appointment at one o'clock next day and took her to a restaurant on Broadway.

Bessie, although only moderately pretty, was chic and vivacious in her way, with a swell little figure, and attracted as much notice as though she were much better looking.

While waiting to be served, Hal presented his plan of co-partnership.

Each was to put in \$4,000, making the capital of the firm \$8,000.

They were to do a general speculative business in the market, with Hal as the manager of that department, and conduct a public stenographer's business under Bessie's supervision.

Hal was also to try and build up a brokerage business to supersede speculation, which was always dangerous, but was necessary at the start in order to pay their running expenses and give them a profit.

The partnership was to run for one year, subject to renewal by mutual consent, and each was to draw \$15 per week out of the common fund.

In case financial disaster overtook the firm through a speculation by which they were cleaned out, Hal, who would have over \$5,000 at his back to fall back on, engaged to keep the office going and see to it that Bessie got her \$15 each week, whether she made it out of her end of the business or not.

Bessie agreed to the arrangement, and after lunch Hal got two partnership blanks and filled them out according to the above plan, and they signed them in duplicate.

He then took the girl around to an office building in Wall Street and called on the janitor to show her the office he had previously inspected.

It consisted of two connecting rooms, each having a door opening on the main corridor.

"This will be an improvement over what we have figured on," said Hal. "You can have a room to yourself and put your name on the door. The firm will have the other room with its name on the door. Then there will appear to be no connection between the two businesses."

"That's fine," said Bessie; "but what is the rent?"

"Pretty steep for a small firm just starting out, but it's worth it, I guess," he said, mentioning the rent.

"It's more than I think we ought to pay," she said.

"One successful deal by the firm ought to fix that all right. I'm in favor of taking the suite."

Bessie hesitated, but finally gave in to Hal, and the rooms were rented, Hal paying a deposit on account until he could see the agent of the building on Monday and settle with him about the lease.

"I'll have to give Mr. Green one week's notice," said Bessie, as they walked over to the elevator.

"Of course. It may take several days for me to furnish the rooms up and get them ready for business. We will now

go up on Nassau street, to a second-hand office furnishing establishment, and pick out our furniture. We each need a roll-top desk, though maybe a flat table with drawers would suit you better to put your typewriter on."

"Yes, I would prefer that," she said.

"Half a dozen chairs would answer for both rooms. I'll need a small letter file cabinet, and a safe that we both can use. Also each office must have a rug, and I shall have to stretch a wooden railing across my room, with a gate in it, to keep strangers at a distance. Then the walls should have a few pictures to relieve their bareness. I must arrange for ticker service, too. A telephone goes with the larger room, and when you want to use it all you have to do is to step in and help yourself," said Hal.

They reached one of the stores that dealt in second-hand office supplies, and picked out the desk, the table and the letter file cabinet.

Hal paid for them and ordered them delivered on Monday afternoon.

The rugs and other articles were purchased elsewhere.

Hal saw Bessie to her abiding place and then went home.

On Monday morning he called on the agent, paid the rest of the first month's rent and got his lease.

Then he went to a Broad street stationer's, bought such books as he and Bessie would require, and ordered the necessary printing, which included 500 business cards for Bessie and as many for the firm.

After that he went over to the Curb Exchange.

Here he noticed that a certain industrial stock was rising, and he gave an order to a broker to buy him 100 shares on margin.

The broker sent his young man with him to get the \$1,000 deposit.

Hal kept his money in a safe deposit box, the rent of which was only \$5 a year, and where it was perfectly safe—even more so than in a bank.

This deal was a private one of his own, for the firm would not go in business operation until the following Monday, though the partnership agreement was already in force.

The stock was bought for him at \$40, the broker advancing \$3,000 of the \$4,000 involved to carry it.

Hal returned to the Curb and watched the stock till half-past twelve, by which time it had gone up a point.

Then he went to lunch.

Returning to the Curb, he found it had advanced half a point more.

He then went to the firm's office and waited till the furniture and furnishings arrived.

Part of them came at two.

The railing, with a man to put it in place, got there at three, and while he was working on it the safe was delivered and placed where Hal wanted it.

The furnishing of the rooms was completed by four, by which time a sign painter appeared and placed on one of the doors, "Howland & Co., Stocks and Bonds," and on the other, "Miss Burton, Public Stenographer. Office Hours, 9 to 5."

As Hal stood contemplating the firm's sign after the painter had gone away, a messenger he knew came up to him.

"Hello, Hal. I didn't know you had a relative in the brokerage business," said the messenger.

"I didn't know it, either."

"Who is this Howland, then?" and the speaker pointed at the door.

"That Howland is myself."

"Yourself! Get out! What are you giving me?"

"You asked me a question and I answered it."

"Why didn't you answer it straight?"

"I did. This is my office."

"Your office! Why, you're working for Green."

"I haven't been in his office for three weeks."

"Have you left?"

"I have, and I am opening up for myself now."

"Oh, say, don't give me such a steer as that. How could you go into the brokerage business?"

"It's a free country, isn't it? I have the right to go into any honest business I choose."

"But you don't know anything about the brokerage business."

"How do you know that I don't?"

"It stands to reason that you don't. You've only been a messenger like myself, and you don't suppose I'd have the nerve to say I was a broker."

"Well, there's my sign. Make what you like out of it."

The messenger, whose name was Brown, opened the door and looked in.

He saw nobody there and no sign of business.
 "So this is really your office?" he said, doubtfully.
 "Yes."
 "Who's your partner?"
 "That's one of my business secrets."
 "He's putting up the money, I suppose?"
 "We each put in an equal amount."
 "I didn't know you had money in the background."
 "You aren't the only one that doesn't know it."
 "But it takes a lot of money to run a brokerage office."
 "It won't take so much to run this one for the present."
 "Where do you expect to get your business from?"
 "I haven't any idea on the subject at this moment."
 "You've got to do business to pay your rent and other expenses."

"I'm not worrying about the rent and my other expenses." Brown scratched his chin and finally gave the matter up. Hal locked up, and they went downstairs together and parted at the door.

As it was near five then, Hal waited for Bessie to come out of the building where she was putting in her last week.

She appeared at five minutes after the hour.

"You didn't meet me at the Sub-treasury to-day," she said. "No, I was busy. The office is all fitted up. Come and see it," said Hal.

"What, already?"

"Yes. Everything came to-day and is in place."

"I thought the office wouldn't be ready for two or three days."

"Everything is ready except the typewriter I ordered for you. I expect that will be delivered to-morrow."

"Do you want my four thousand to-morrow?"

"No. You needn't turn that in until next Monday. I don't expect to do any business before you're on the job. Did you give Green notice that you were going to quit him?"

"Yes. He was taken by surprise, and wanted to know why I was leaving."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him I had the chance to open up as a public stenographer, and I was going to avail myself of it."

"I suppose he congratulated you on the opportunity of becoming your own boss?" grinned Hal.

"He did not. He told me he thought I was acting foolishly. When I said that I didn't think so, he offered me \$2 increase to remain."

"Well?" said Hal.

"I refused it and told him to get another girl, as I was surely going to leave on Saturday."

"So the matter is settled?"

"Of course."

By this time they had reached the Burling Building, where the office was, and they took the elevator up to the sixth floor.

Bessie was pleased with the look of the rooms, though her office had little in it besides the rug, her table and three chairs.

"If you want anything else in here I will get it for you," said Hal.

"Nothing more at present. Until I get more work than I can handle myself and have to hire a girl, this will do very nicely," she said.

After staying a short time they left for their homes.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LADY WITH THE ERIE BONDS.

Hal followed his private deal till Friday, by which time it was up to 45 and a fraction, then he sold out and added \$500 to his capital.

On Monday morning Bessie appeared at her office at half-past nine.

She found Hal already on hand reading a Wall Street daily.

"I guess I'd better run down to the bank where I left \$4,000 of my money on temporary deposit, and fetch it here," she said.

"Yes. I have \$4,000 of my money in the safe, less what I have expended for rent, furnishing, and petty expenses. I have everything entered in our cash-book and ledger, and we'll go over it together when you get back."

Inside of twenty minutes Bessie returned with the money and handed it to Hal.

It was all in \$100 bills.

They went over the entries Hal had made in the books, and Bessie had no objection to make to any of them.

"You will find your package of business cards on your desk," said Hal. "I have done some canvassing in your interest,

and here is a list of half a dozen people in this building who do not employ stenographers, but who hire a girl from a public stenographer's down the street to come in at stated times to take dictation. The girl types it at her office, and her boss sends it back by his errand boy. The gentlemen said they would much prefer to have somebody in the building do their work, and were glad to hear that the opportunity was about to present itself. You will call on each of them and make whatever arrangements that pays you."

"You're a good boy, Hal. I will call on them right away. If I get them all, their work should keep me fairly busy to start with," said Bessie.

She went out and Hal returned to the perusal of a financial weekly.

He occasionally took a look over his ticker to observe how the market was going that morning.

There was nothing special on the tapis, so he gave most of his attention to his papers.

The door opened and a smartly-dressed, handsome lady entered.

Hal got up and offered his visitor a chair.

Then he inquired what he could do for her.

"I want to see a member of the firm," she said.

"My name is Howland," said Hal.

"Dear me, you look awfully young for a broker. I thought you were one of the clerks," she said.

"No, ma'am. I am the head of the firm."

"Well, well, I never would have thought it. My name is Drummond—Mrs. Drummond."

Hal nodded.

"Do you buy bonds?"

"We buy bonds on order, and sell them in the same way."

"I am going to leave the city in the morning on an extended visit, and I've brought down some Erie Railroad bonds I'd like to dispose of. Could you sell them for me right away?"

"Let me see the bonds, ma'am."

The lady opened her bag, took out a package and handed it to Hal.

Opening it, Hal found ten first mortgage bonds worth \$104 and a fraction each.

"You want me to sell these?" he asked.

"Yes. As the amount is only small, I should think you might buy them yourself at a price that would pay you, and save me the trouble of coming back."

Hal could easily have done so, but though he saw that the bonds were good, he felt a suspicion concerning the lady.

He could not say just why he entertained this feeling against her, but he did, and his natural caution warned him to go slow.

"Are these your own bonds, ma'am?" he said.

"Certainly. My brother made me a present of them some time ago."

Hal made a note of their numbers.

"A gentleman on the floor was speaking about buying ten Erie bonds a while ago. If you don't mind waiting I'll see if I can sell these to him," said the boy, with a purpose in view.

"Very well. I'll wait. It would save me a lot of bother if I could sell them right away," she said.

Hal took his memorandum of the numbers of the bonds, and going into one of the offices on that floor, asked permission to use the telephone, saying that his was out of order.

He could not use his own telephone without the lady hearing what he said, and he did not care that she should.

He was accorded the privilege, and he immediately called up the executive office of the Erie Railroad and made inquiry as to the bonds.

He gave the numbers, and stated that a lady claiming to be the owner of the securities was in his office and wanted to sell them.

"She gave her name as Mrs. Drummond," said Hal.

In a few minutes he was informed that the books showed that Mrs. Kate Drummond was the owner of the bonds in question, and had owned them from the time they were issued ten years since.

"She said her brother made her a present of them some time ago," said Hal. "It is safe for me to buy them, then?"

"Well, hardly. We have just received word from Mrs. Drummond that the bonds were stolen from her house with other property during the night. You had better notify the police and have the party who offered them to you arrested."

"Hadn't you better send somebody over to my office right away and take the matter off my hands?"

"Very well. What is your name, and where is your office?"

Hal gave the information, and was told that a clerk would be right over.

He returned to his office and found that Bessie had returned with a batch of work.

"Have you sold the bonds?" said the visitor.

"No, ma'am, but I guess there will be no difficulty about that as soon as the gentleman comes in. He is expected any minute, and I left word for him to come in here."

"But I am in a great hurry," said the lady. "If you think you have a customer for them, why not buy them yourself and sell them to him? They are worth \$104.25. I will sell them to you for 103, that price to include your commission."

"I would take them if you could wait till I sent to the bank for the money."

"Would that take long?"

"Perhaps fifteen minutes."

"I'll wait."

"Very well."

Hal went into the next room and told the facts of the case to Bessie.

"I've got to hold the lady somehow till the clerk from the Erie office gets here," he said. "I've agreed to take them if she would wait till I sent out for the money. That is only a bluff to gain time. Just run out and stay about fifteen minutes, and she'll think you have gone for the money. If you meet a policeman on the street bring him back with you, but leave him out in the hall till you notify me that he is on hand."

Bessie got up, put on her hat and left her office by way of Hal's door so that the visitor would see her go out and think she was going to a bank to get the money.

He began talking about Wall Street to the lady to fill in the time, and she pretended to be interested, but as a matter of fact the boy could see that she chafed at the delay, and was anxious to get away.

Fifteen minutes passed, then the door opened and two men appeared.

One of them sat down near the door, while the other advanced to the railing.

Hal went over to meet him.

"I am from the Erie Railroad," said the man.

"Come in," said Hal. "Here are the bonds this lady wants to dispose of."

"These are your bonds, madam, and your name is Drummond?" said the Erie man to Hal's customer.

"Yes."

"Where and when did you buy them?"

"I did not buy them. My brother gave them to me some time ago."

"How long ago? Three months, six months or a year?"

"Four or five months ago."

"Isn't it a fact that you were sent here to sell these bonds for somebody else?" said the Erie man, sharply.

The lady looked startled and uneasy, but declared such was not the fact.

"Then you positively assert that these bonds are your property, and that your name is Drummond?"

"Certainly I do."

"I am sorry, madam, but the Erie office was notified an hour ago that these ten bonds had been stolen from Mrs. Drummond. How do you account for that?"

"It is not true that they were stolen. I've had them all the time," said the lady.

"Where do you live?"

The lady gave an address.

The man compared it with a slip of paper in his hand.

"Madam, you have not given the right address of Mrs. Drummond that we have on our books. I'm afraid you are not the party you represent yourself to be. As the bonds have been reported stolen, I shall have to order your arrest on suspicion, pending an investigation."

The lady uttered a subdued shriek and fainted.

Bessie came in at that moment, and Hal told her to try and revive the visitor.

The boy himself got a glass of water and sprinkled her face with the fluid.

She was soon brought to her senses, and immediately went into mild hysterics.

When she had been quieted down by Bessie, she insisted that she had come honestly by the bonds, and had the right to sell them.

The Erie man decided to take her down to the office of the company and have the matter looked into there.

Hal was glad to have the two men, one of whom was a Se-

cret Service detective, take the lady away, as it was not pleasant to have a commotion in one's office.

After she was gone he told Bessie all he knew about the affair, and she said he had done the right thing to call the attention of the railroad office to the transaction.

By that time it was lunch hour, and Hal went out, leaving his partner to go on with her work.

CHAPTER IX.

HOWLAND & CO.'S FIRST ORDER.

During the next two weeks all the money earned by the firm was what Bessie collected and turned in for the work she did.

Hal did nothing more strenuous than read the Wall Street papers and stroll around looking for information that didn't pan out.

One day Hal met Broker Weston on the street.

"Hello, Howland," said the broker, "why don't you drop in at my office some time? I'll be pleased to see you at any time."

"Thank you, I will. Call and see me at my office. Here is my card," and the boy handed him one.

"Why are you in the brokerage business?" said Weston, in surprise.

"I'm trying to work up a business."

"I thought you told me you were working for Broker Green?"

"I told you I had been working for him. I left him the day I helped your daughter out of her trouble."

"And you've been in business for yourself since?"

"Part of the time since. I've only been in business two weeks."

"You have a partner, I see."

"Yes, sir."

"Is he a regular broker?"

"No, sir. My partner has worked in a brokerage office, that's all."

"Are you doing any business?"

"Some, but not enough to pay our expenses yet."

"Have you capital enough to carry you along until you secure enough business to make your office pay?"

"Yes, sir. And there is more we can call on if it should prove insufficient."

"Well, I hope you will get on, Howland. You have my very best wishes. If I can be of any service to you, let me know."

"I will. Thank you for the offer."

"I should like to square the obligation I owe you."

"Oh, never mind that obligation. It is always a pleasure to render a service."

"But I do mind it. Don't fail to let me know in case I can serve you or your firm. I will do it with pleasure."

The broker said good-by and went into the Exchange.

Two days afterward, while Hal was sitting at his desk, reading the Wall Street News, and wondering when something would turn up in his line, the door opened and Broker Weston came in.

"How do you do, Mr. Weston. Come right in," said Hal, jumping up.

The broker walked in at the gate, and through the open connecting door he saw Bessie working away at a lively rate on her machine.

He naturally concluded that she was Howland & Co.'s stenographer, and he presumed that the other room was the firm's counting-room.

Weston took the seat next to the boy's desk, and Hal offered him a cigar, which he accepted and lighted up.

"I have come to put a little business in your way, Howland," he said.

"Glad to hear it, sir. What can we do for you?" said Hal.

"I have a large order for a certain stock, and for reasons it will not do for me to be identified in its purchase. As you are presumably unknown among the trade generally, it struck me that you might be able to get the stock for me."

"I guess I can do that all right," said Hal.

"In a case of this kind, the commission would be divided between us. I will collect it in the usual way and pay half of the amount to you."

"That will suit us all right. Half a loaf is better than no bread."

"Then I will give you the order."

Weston pulled a pad out of his pocket and wrote a few words on it which he signed.

It authorized Howland & Co. to buy every share of C. & D. they could find till told to stop.

"The stock is going at 75," said Weston. "You must buy as close as you can, but I will give you a point leeway of the market. You can give 76 if you have to. If the price rises, your limit will be a point ahead of the last quotation. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"There are eighty or ninety thousand shares on the market, but, of course, you can't expect to get more than fifty per cent. of that quantity, if you get that. The rest, as far as it can be reached, will have to be picked up on the Exchange. Here is a list of the brokers who are known or presumed to have some of the stock on hand. Call on them first, and be careful not to let them suspect that you are buying much of it. After you have exhausted the list, start in and work the other Wall Street offices, and then the Exchange Place ones. Report to me daily. Have all the stock delivered C. O. D. at Taylor & Co., the bankers. Write on one of your pads, 'This is my signature,' and sign it, and I will hand it to Taylor & Co's cashier."

Hal did so and handed the paper to the broker.

"Start out at once, and hustle, for the buying on your part must be done as soon as you can."

"I'll get on the job at once."

"Very well, that is all at present. You have a nice little suite here, and I hope your firm will come to the front."

"The firm certainly will if we receive a few more orders of this kind," said Hal, who saw quite a wad of commission money in the broker's order.

As soon as Weston went away Hal entered the order in his book and then ran in to carry the good news to his partner.

"We've got our first brokerage order, Bessie, and it's a good one," he said.

"That's good," she said, with a smile.

"We may make \$2,500 or \$3,000 out of this."

"As much as that?" she exclaimed, in surprise.

"Yes. We get half of the commission, and the order is for as much C. & D. shares as I can pick up in a short time. I have a swing at about 90,000 shares, and I may get 50,000. It's about time I was doing something to hold up my end."

"I guess you'll make most of the money for the firm."

"Then the only thing I can do will be to marry you and keep it in the family," he laughed.

"It would have been cheaper if you had not taken me in as your partner."

"I'm not kicking over that. I'm proud to have you as my partner. There isn't a smarter girl than you in Wall Street."

"That is quite a compliment, and I am satisfied you mean it."

"I wouldn't try to fool you, for you're too clever to fall for anything of that kind."

"Well, you've said enough now during business hours. You want to get busy on your work and let me attend to mine. I have quite a stack of it to-day. I am thinking of hiring one girl and taking time off to look for more work."

"That's a good business idea. The more business you can get, and the more girls you have to hire to turn it out, the more the firm will make. It never pays for the boss to do all the work. He can only do so much. It's the boss' business to look for work and hire others to do it."

Then Hal returned to his desk, slapped on his hat and went out to begin buying C. & D. for Broker Weston.

The first name on the list was Isadore Fink, of the Atlas Building, Wall Street.

Hal hustled to his office.

"Is Mr. Fink in?" he asked the office boy.

"Yes."

"Disengaged?"

"Yes."

"My name is Howland. Take it in to him."

Hal was admitted and found a small, well-dressed man seated at his desk.

"Well, what can I do for you, young man?"

"Here is my card. I called to see if you have any C. & D."

"Are you a broker?" said Fink, incredulously.

"Yes, sir. Not a member of the Exchange, of course, but a broker, just the same."

"You have desk room at that number, I suppose?"

"We have a suite of two rooms. Don't imagine we are irresponsible, for we are not. We are doing a regular business."

"Never heard of you before."

"That's because we are new comers."

"Where did you come from?"

"From good old New York. But I am in a hurry. Have you the stock I am after?"

"What stock are you after?"

"C. & D."

"I have some of the stock, but I'm not selling it in small quantity."

"I want any part of 5,000 shares."

Fink opened his eyes.

"Have you got the money to pay for it?"

"Our bank will pay for it on delivery."

"Your bank!"

"Yes. Taylor & Co. You see being under age we can't draw checks on our money. So we get around the matter by sending the stock we buy to the bank, and the bank pays for it, and advances money on it if we need it."

"I want 75 1-2 for 4,000 shares," said Fink, figuring on a pad. "Have you the money at your bank to pay for it? The stock will cost you \$302,000."

The broker looked at Hal as if he expected to see him staggered.

But he was disappointed.

"The market price is 75. I'll give you that for it, and you'll get your money on delivery of the shares."

"My young friend, I am not selling at the market. I have only one price, 75 1-2. Take it or leave it."

Hal saw that he would have to give it, so he closed with him.

"Who are you buying the stock for?" asked Fink, curiously.

"That isn't a fair question, Mr. Fink. I may be buying it for the firm on a speculation, or I may be buying it for one of our customers."

"You seem to have a good bank account."

"We couldn't do business unless we had plenty of money."

"How long have you been in business?"

"Long enough to learn the ropes."

"It's funny I shouldn't have heard of you."

"Well, you've heard of us now. Pin it in your memory against the next time I call on you."

"This is no fool game, is it, young man? If I send that stock to Taylor & Co. I will get my money?" said Fink, pulling his telephone to him.

"Call up Taylor & Co. and ask the bank if Howland's order for 4,000 shares of C. & D. is good."

Fink did so, and learned that the stock would be paid for on delivery.

That satisfied him, and he regarded Hal with a lot more respect.

Anybody that was good for \$302,000 was no ordinary individual in Wall Street.

"Who is it to be transferred to?"

"George Gates."

"All right. There is your memorandum."

He handed him the order made out in proper form.

That concluded the business, and he went to the next broker on his list.

He worked like a Trojan, and exhausted his list by half-past three, by which time he had bought 25,000 shares.

Then he went back to his office and told Bessie he had done pretty well for one day.

"Our commission so far amounts to \$1,500," he said.

"Without taking any risks," she said.

"Exactly."

"That's the way I like to do business."

"I agree with you, but as we are not likely to get another good order like that in some time, or any order at all, we will have to do a little speculating to keep the ball rolling."

"Slow and sure is the best motto," said Bessie.

"That's all right, but I can't sit around idle and see you working like sixty."

"As long as I am satisfied, what do you care? Suppose you turn in \$2,500 on this order you've got, it's a lot of money. It will take me a long time to make anything like that. If you only have something to do once a month you are likely to make more for the firm than I can during the whole thirty days."

"Say, Bessie, this will be our third week in business, and the eleventh since I cut loose from Green. I think it's about time to surprise my folks with the news," said Hal.

"I think it is, too. It will be a big surprise for them."

"Surprise! I almost hate to spring it on them."

"Why, they'll be delighted to learn that you're a real broker."

"I'm afraid they'll think I'm joking. And I can hardly blame them. From a messenger boy to a broker is something way out of the ordinary."

"The world is full of strange happenings."

"I know; but people don't associate anything phenomenal with messenger boys."

"If your people doubt your statement, they have only to come down to Wall Street and call at your office to get all the proof they want."

"That's right," nodded Hal, who then returned to his desk and sat down to read the afternoon paper.

CHAPTER X.

HAL SURPRISES HIS MOTHER.

Hal called on Broker Weston next morning and reported what he had done the previous day.

"You did first-rate, Howland. I have already got a report from the bank, and your efforts are perfectly satisfactory. You won't do so well to-day, as you have no list to guide you to the right places. You will have to hunt for the stock, and may call on a dozen brokers before you find one who has any C. & D. on hand," said the broker.

"Well, I'll do my best to find it," said Hal, who after a few minutes' talk with Weston started out to make his round of visits.

The first five traders whose offices he visited had none of the stock.

Then he got 500 shares at 75 3-4.

Half an hour's further hustling resulted in 200 more shares.

Soon afterward he found a broker who had 2,000 shares, for which he had to give 76, the market price having gone up to 75 1-4.

When noon came he had bought 4,000 shares.

During the afternoon he picked up 6,000 more.

His commission that day amounted to \$625.

On the following day he found 15,000 shares.

That added \$937.25 more to his bill.

He finished the week with 5,000, making 55,000 in all.

Weston then called him off and told him to send in his bill.

He made his account out, \$3,437.50, and carried it to the office himself.

On Monday morning he received a check in the first mail.

"The firm is worth \$10,900," he said to Bessie. "The rent for next month will be due in three days, and that will make a little hole in it, though not so that we will greatly notice it. Our first month ends with an expenditure of \$637, which includes furnishing up the rooms, while our receipts amount to \$3,537, leaving us a profit over all of \$2,900. Nothing the matter with that, is there?"

"I expect to make more out of my end during the coming month," said Bessie.

I must scare up another order. I think we'd better insert a standing advertisement in several of the papers and see what happens."

"Put in a small advertisement for my end in a couple of the Wall Street dailies."

"I will."

He started out to attend to the matter.

It was about this time that Ferguson, the bank clerk who abducted Nellie Weston as far as the steamer Bristol City, ventured to return to New York in disguise.

He figured that the police had forgotten about him by that time.

He had been out West, but no place he visited seemed like little old New York, and so he drifted back.

He blamed Hal Howland for the failure of his scheme, and he determined to get square with him if he could.

Soon after he got back he set about locating the boy.

The papers at the time of the kidnaping had stated that Hal was a messenger in Wall Street, working for Broker Green.

Ferguson called at Green's and learned that Hal was not employed there any more.

"Where is he working?" he asked the cashier.

"I couldn't tell you," was the reply. "I haven't seen him since he left us."

Ferguson went to the messengers' entrance to the Exchange and asked a dozen boys without result.

Then he struck one who told him he had heard that Hal was in business for himself in the Burling Building.

Ferguson went to the Burling Building and inquired of the elevator starter.

He was told that a boy named Howland had an office on the sixth floor, Room 614.

He went up to that floor, found No. 614, and saw the sign of Howland & Co. on the door, with the words "Stocks and Bonds."

"I wonder how a kid like him could get into the brokerage business?" he said. "Weston must have given him a financial lift for saving his daughter, and his nerve has done the rest."

He opened the door and looked in.

Hal was sitting at his desk, and Ferguson got a good look at him.

"So that's the duck who queered me," he thought, as he closed the door. "I must think up some way of putting it over him."

A day or two later Hal learned that a syndicate had been formed to corner and boom L. & M. shares.

After a talk with Bessie he decided to buy 1,000 shares at 80.

It took nearly all the firm's money to cover the margin, but as the tip looked good, and he had \$6,000 of his own money to fall back on in case of emergency, he put the deal through.

He was returning to the office with his empty hand-bag in his hand when he was spotted by Ferguson, who had two companions with him.

As they had seen him come out of the little bank, they believed he had money in the bag, and Ferguson determined to run the risk of getting hold of it.

He stated his plan to his companions, and they fell in with it, as the part they were to play was the least dangerous.

They followed the boy to the door of the Burling Building.

The two confederates remained at the entrance while their leader stepped up behind the boy.

The corridor was clear at the moment and favored his purpose.

Ferguson snatched the satchel out of Hal's fingers and rushed off with it.

"Stop thief!" shouted the boy, starting to follow him.

Then Ferguson's two accomplices stepped forward and blocked Hal, shoving him against the side of the entrance.

Hal put up a struggle, when the men began to apologize for running up against him, saying they hadn't seen him in their path.

The young broker believed this was a lie, and that they were in league with the thief, but he had no time to consider the matter, for he was anxious to catch the rascal who had got away with his bag, even though there was nothing in it.

By that time Ferguson was lost in the crowd on the sidewalk, and as he wasn't running, the boy was unable to spot him.

He had a look at the man, however, and thought he would know him again.

It struck him that he resembled the person who had looked into his office a few days before.

He did not dream it was the man who had tried to carry Miss Weston to England.

He had to give up the rascal for the present, and he returned to the office without his bag.

The two men who had blocked him hastened to rejoin Ferguson at a saloon on Pearl street, where they had agreed to meet if the job was pulled off successfully.

Their disgust may be imagined when Ferguson cut the satchel open and it was found to be empty.

Ferguson was mad enough to chew a ten-penny nail.

He had taken a great risk in making away with the bag, and after coming out of it with flying colors there proved to be no plunder to divide with his disappointed companions.

They left the saloon resolved to get at the boy some other way.

In the meanwhile, Hal told Bessie how he had been robbed of the empty bag.

"If those chaps had tackled me going instead of coming they probably would have got away with the \$10,000 I had in it. As it was, they got nothing."

"How fortunate!" said the girl.

"I should say so. That money represented our whole capital, save enough to pay our running expenses for a couple of months."

"It's a wonder the rascal wasn't stopped and arrested on the street."

"He would have been, only he was lucky. Well, the deal is made, and we stand a mighty good chance of more than doubling our money."

"That will be splendid. I hope you will be cautious, though, and not hold on too long. I'm afraid I shall be nervous until the deal is closed out."

"If you're going to get nervous we'd better give up speculating."

Just then the letter-carrier came in and handed Hal three letters.

They proved to be from people out of town who had seen the firm's advertisement.

Two wanted information about the Wall Street market, while

the other enclosed a draft for \$1,000 with his order for 100 shares of M. & C. on margin.

"Here's our second customer," said Hal, showing the order to Bessie.

"How did you get him?"

"Through the mail, in answer to one of our advertisements."

"That's encouraging."

"I got three letters, but the other two merely wanted information about the market."

"You will answer them, won't you?"

"Of course. I'll get up a short market letter and you can copy it in duplicate, using carbon paper."

"I will do that."

"If our advertisements bring many inquiries, there will be extra work for you."

"I guess we can afford to hire an assistant for me. We could get one from the typewriter company. One who hasn't had much experience, and who will not want high wages. She will get the experience with me, and I will raise her wages as she becomes more proficient. It will be a good chance for the right girl," said Bessie.

"We'll get her right away. I'll run up to the typewriting company where I bought your machine and tell them what you want."

"That will give me the chance to look around for more work."

"Just so," nodded Hal.

He attended to the matter next day, and a girl was sent, whom Bessie put to work.

That day Hal was served with a notice to appear before the Grand Jury and testify against the suspected bomb rascals.

When he turned his board money in that week he handed his mother the surprise he had had in store for her.

"I'm going to surprise you, mother," he said.

"Yes?" she said. "What is the surprise?"

"I left the employ of Broker Green on the day I saved Miss Weston from taking an involuntary trip to England—three months ago."

"You did? And you never told me a word about it. Why did you leave?"

"We had a run-in and I quit."

"Well, I'm not pleased to learn that you had trouble with your employer. Where have you been working since?"

"For the last five weeks I have been in business for myself."

"What have you been doing?" said his mother, not looking a bit pleased.

"There is my business card," and he handed her one.

"Howland & Co., Stocks and Bonds, Room 614, Burling Building, Wall Street, New York City," she read. "What kind of business is this?"

"Brokerage. Very similar, in a small way, to Green's business."

"Where did you get the money to go into this business?"

"Made it out of the stock market while working for Green."

"How? I don't understand."

"Speculating on the rise in stocks."

"You never told me you were speculating in Wall Street. Where did you get the money to speculate with?"

"I began on \$50 which I saved up."

"And you made enough to go into this business?" said his mother, who could not grasp the idea.

"Yes."

"You have a partner, I see. Who is the person? A broker?"

"No, a young lady, formerly stenographer for Green."

"A young lady! Who is she? Did she invest any money in the business?"

"Her name is Bessie Burton, and we each put in \$4,000 cash."

"Do you mean to say that you had \$4,000 to put in?"

"I had \$10,000, but as Miss Burton could only put in \$4,000, we started on a capital of \$8,000. She has charge of the department of stenography and typewriting, which is part of our business, though it is supposed to be run independent of the brokerage end."

"Harry, are you telling me the truth? I can't get this thing through my head. You say you had \$10,000, and yet you never told me a word about that money, or how you say you made it. Your story doesn't sound reasonable."

"Certainly I am telling you the truth. There is my business card to prove it."

"If you have been in business five weeks, why have you kept it a secret from me?"

"I waited till things began to go a little, and held back the

news to surprise you. We are paying \$250 a month rent for our two rooms."

"You are paying all that?"

"Yes. Our expenses since we started in have been about \$900, and our receipts about \$3,600, so you see we are \$2,500 ahead. We have a deal on that we expect will net us between \$10,000 and \$15,000 within two weeks. We are drawing \$15 a week at present. That was what Bessie got from Green, and considerably more than I got from him. If things break our way we'll be able to divide a good-sized melon at Christmas, though the chances are we'll let the profit stay as added capital in the business, for you can't have too much money to run a brokerage business in Wall Street."

Mrs. Howland didn't know what to say to her son's revelation.

She finally asked him to go into the particulars, which he did, and then she accepted his statements as facts, and declared he was a great deal smarter than she ever had any idea of.

"That's because you didn't know me as well as you do now, mother, dear," he laughed, grabbing her around the waist and waltzing about the room with her.

Then his sisters came in and Hal told them.

What they said we will pass over, as our space is limited, but there was high jinks in the flat that afternoon over the fact of Hal's advancement in life.

CHAPTER XI.

AT THE MERCY OF THE ENEMY.

L. & M. fluctuated a good bit during the first part of the week, and then it went up slowly to 90.

"We are \$5,000 ahead on our deal, Bessie," said Hal, that afternoon, as they were getting ready to go home.

"Sounds good," smiled his partner.

"Aren't you glad you went into business with me?"

"I'd be foolish if I wasn't. Aren't you sorry you took me in with you?"

"Not at all."

"Think of all the money you may be out in a year if the brokerage end is unlucky."

"Suppose I marry you before you ask for a settlement, then I won't be out anything, for what's yours then will be mine."

"Suppose I won't consent to marry you, what then?"

"You wouldn't be such a fool as to let a good thing get away from you."

"Dear me, what a fine opinion you have of yourself."

"The world judges a person by the estimate he puts on himself."

"Not always. Some people put on a lot of bluff about themselves, but as any one can see through them it doesn't go for much."

"That may be, but bluff counts for a whole lot, just the same. There are thousands of people living on a bluff, and their neighbors think they are worth money. I believe in a good bluff, but at the same time I also believe in having something behind it to back up the bluff."

"You are putting up a bluff as a broker, with no business to back it yet."

"That's the right kind of a bluff. No one knows what business we are doing. And we have the money to pay our way."

"If that deal went to pieces we wouldn't have the money."

"Well, I've got \$5,000 in my safe deposit box, and that would see us through. You've got a couple of new customers, so your end is looking up. I don't see that the firm has any cause to worry."

Bessie didn't think so, either, and they locked up and went home.

Saturday morning came around again, and L. & M. was up to 93.

Bessie's department had cleared \$40 that week over running expenses, but this did not include her proportion of the rent, nor her \$15.

The firm had \$700 in the safe, \$10,000 up on L. & M., and \$8,000 profit in sight.

L. & M. was the center of interest on Monday morning.

Brokers bought and sold right and left, and the public bought and held on.

It went right up to par by noon, and at one o'clock it was selling at 102.

Hal sold out, though it seemed likely to go five or six points higher.

He believed on being on the safe side.

That put \$17,000 more into the firm's coffers.

"If we went out of business now we'd pocket \$10,000 apiece above our original capital," Hal told Bessie.

"And we haven't been two months in business yet. How lovely!" she said.

"Everything is lovely when the goose hangs high," he answered.

Hal testified before the Grand Jury, and that body handed down an indictment against the bomb rascals.

Later, when their trial came on, they did not appear, and their small bail was forfeited.

As both were Italians, it was said they had gone back to Italy to escape the consequences of their crime, which they had undertaken in the interest of their friend, the barber's assistant.

A couple of weeks after the coup Howland & Co. had pulled off on L. & M., a well-built man, with a full beard and clerical coat, came into Hal's office one afternoon at half-past four.

He was accompanied by two men in somber apparel, like himself, both wearing shorter beards, trimmed to a point.

Bessie was out, but her assistant was busy at work.

Hal was at his desk.

The three men lined up at the railing.

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?" asked the boy broker, going over to the railing.

"I am the Rev. Mr. Cuddy," said the man with the full beard, in a deep tone. "We are raising a fund for the heathens on the west coast of Africa. We propose to send a box of red flannel shirts, and other necessary wearing apparel, to our missionary at Gaboon. Any small contribution from you will be thankfully received, and your name will go down among the list of donors. Pardon me, have you a glass of water? It's a warm day, and talking is quite exhausting."

Hal pointed to a cooler in the corner, and told his visitors to help themselves.

While they were doing so he went to the safe, took out a \$5 bill, relocked the cash drawer which held \$2,800 belonging to the firm, the rest of the money being in Hal's safe deposit box, shut and locked the inner steel door, and was about to shut the outer doors, when the Rev. Mr. Cuddy, coming suddenly through the gate, seized him and stopped him.

One of his companions turned the key in the corridor door, and the other, coming inside the rail, closed the door leading into Bessie's room, and stood with his back against it.

"Pardon me," said the Rev. Mr. Cuddy, pushing Hal up against the one closed door of the safe, and holding him there with his hand on his throat, despite the boy's struggles.

"Pardon me," said the man, who had locked the door, throwing a towel over Hal's face and tying it at the back of his neck.

Then he produced cord from his pocket and bound the boy's arms behind him.

Both men then shoved Hal into his pivot chair and tied him to it.

The Rev. Mr. Cuddy picked up the key to the inner steel door Hal had dropped, and, throwing the safe wide open, proceeded to unlock the inner door.

This gave him access to every part of the safe but the cash compartment.

As Hal wasn't doing any business to speak of, there was little in the safe but the few books used by himself and Bessie.

The reverend gentleman saw that, and he looked for the key to the treasury.

Not seeing it in any of the pigeon-holes, he looked in the small drawers.

It hung upon a little brass tack close against the front of the top drawer.

The reverend gentleman didn't notice it there, as he expected to find it in the bottom of one of the drawers.

He fumbled the few articles over, but failed to find the key.

He went to the helpless boy and went through his pockets.

He took the \$5 bill and other bills the young broker had, less than \$10 in all, but failed to find the key.

At this juncture Bessie got back, and noticing that the connecting door was shut, presumed that Hal was engaged in a private interview in his office.

Having a bunch of work, she sat down at her machine and began to rattle the keys at a lively rate.

"Pardon me," said the Rev. Mr. Cuddy, gripping Hal tightly by the throat and lifting the gag, "tell me what you did with the key of the cash compartment."

Hal had nothing to say.

"Collecting as we are for the heathen," said the reverend gentleman, in a low but menacing tone, "we have no time to lose. Tell me, or I shall be under the necessity of choking you."

"I'll tell you nothing," said the boy.

The clerical gentleman tightened his grip on the lad's throat.

"I think you will," he said. "We need the money and we're going to have it."

Hal struggled and gasped for breath, but he was game.

He did not believe the man really intended to kill him.

The rascal, who was Ferguson in disguise, was in a humor to go to some length.

He gave the boy's throat another squeeze.

Perhaps it was harder than he intended.

Hal threw out his chest in a desperate effort to get his breath, just as a man being legally strangled under the old laws trying to get his breath.

Then with a groan he relapsed into unconsciousness.

As his head fell limply back, Ferguson saw he had gone too far, and released his throat.

"Get some water—quick!" he said to his nearest confederate.

The man brought the water, while Ferguson tore off the towel.

It was dashed in the boy's white face, but he did not come to, nor show the slightest signs of life.

Ferguson tore open his vest and put his ear to his heart.

He didn't hear a beat.

"I'm afraid he's dead," he said, huskily, thoroughly alarmed at the situation.

"Good heavens!" cried his companion, "we'd better dust, then. If we're caught it means the electric chair for us. I'm going."

It was now five o'clock, and Bessie's assistant was putting on her hat to go.

The three men started for the corridor door.

In their trepidation they forgot to cut their victim free.

One of them opened the door and looked out.

Several people were passing along the corridor toward the elevator, and he closed the door to wait till they were out of the way.

As soon as the corridor was empty they issued from the office.

At that moment Bessie's assistant, with Bessie herself, came to the door of the next office, and they saw the three men leave.

After saying what she had to say to the girl, Bessie shut the door, and, presuming Hal was now at liberty, she opened the connecting door and looked in.

Her eyes lighted on the motionless form of her partner, tied to his chair.

CHAPTER XII.

AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER.

With a cry of consternation Bessie rushed over to Hal. Her heart almost ceased to beat when she saw how white and ghastly he looked.

She could see that something terrible had happened to him. His face was the picture of death.

Across her excited brain flashed the exit of the three ministerial looking men from the office a few moments before.

At that moment the door opened and Sam Davis came in.

He had been there calling on Hal once before, and had been introduced to Bessie.

"Oh, Mr. Davis, do come here. Something has happened to Hal. I'm afraid he's dead," she said, in great agitation.

"Good gracious!" cried Sam, rushing over. "Why, he's tied to his chair. Who has done this?"

"Three men, I think, who just left," said Bessie. "Oh, do see if he is still alive. I will telephone for an ambulance."

She was too nervous and excited to think where to telephone to.

All she could do was to connect with the switchboard operator on the ground floor, give the number of the room, and ask the girl to telephone for an ambulance in a hurry.

The operator, wondering what was the matter up in Room 614, sent off a hurry call to the nearest hospital.

Sam discovered that Hal's heart was beating faintly, and he said he was not dead.

"Look at his throat. He was choked," he said.

"Poor Hal. This is terrible."

She got water and began bathing her partner's face, while Sam helped her.

The switchboard operator told the janitor about the message from Room 614, and he came up at once to see what was the matter.

He was astonished at the state of things.

"How did this happen?" he asked, pulling out his knife and cutting the insensible Hal free.

Bessie said she knew nothing more than having seen three men in ministers' garments leave the office just before she discovered her partner in his present state.

"Three men, eh? The police must be notified at once."

He called up the switchboard girl and told her to notify Police Headquarters that one of the tenants of the building had been assaulted and almost murdered, and to have an officer sent at once.

In the meanwhile, Hal was slowly coming around.

Sam ran to the nearest cafe and brought some brandy which helped the good work along.

Finally Hal opened his eyes, and, gasping, looked wildly around.

His hand went mechanically to his throat, which hurt him a good deal.

He could hardly speak, and was quite unable to give an explanation of his predicament.

At length the ambulance rolled up to the building and the surgeon was brought to Room 614 by the elevator man.

He saw that the boy had been subjected to a severe choking, and, without asking the cause of it, he applied himself to helping Hal's throat.

In time Hal was able to speak and tell what had happened.

By that time a policeman arrived, and to him the young broker described his assailants.

"They were doubtless disguised," said the officer, "and they will get rid of their false beards and clerical clothes as soon as they can. We may get the men, but it will be difficult to fix the crime on them. I will report the facts to the captain at the station-house."

It was half-past six before the office was locked up and Hal, still feeling very rocky, started for home.

Bessie went home half sick, for the shock had greatly upset her.

Not only was Hal her partner, but down in her heart she thought more of him than she was willing to admit.

Hal's mother and sisters were greatly upset, too, when he turned up at nearly half-past seven, looking as if he had been drawn through a thresher.

His story gave them a great shock.

In Hal's mind it was clearly a case of attempted robbery of the most daring kind, and he was pleased to think that they were disappointed of results.

He hoped the police would catch them.

The story appeared in the morning papers and thus got all around Wall Street.

It brought Hal for the first time into prominence.

He was down at his usual hour next morning, and his first caller was Broker Weston, who had read about the assault in the paper.

"You had a tough experience, Howland," he said, after Hal had gone over the particulars for his benefit.

"Tough! Don't mention it. I know how it feels to be hanged and yet survive the ordeal. I can feel the rascal's fingers now. It will be some time before I forget the awful sensation I went through. The police boast that crooks do not come below the dead line, but it is evident that some of them do."

A number of brokers called on him that day and introduced themselves.

They were curious to see this young broker that had met with such a strenuous experience, and to learn something about him.

They did not learn a great deal, but they carried away the impression that he was a clever young fellow.

The police arrested two or three men on suspicion, but Hal, when they were paraded before him, could not say they were connected with the outrage.

Ferguson had taken care to leave the city again, for he knew his arrest would lead to his recognition as the kidnaper of Miss Weston.

Summer was over before Hal saw another chance to make a deal that looked promising.

Then he bought 1,000 shares of Erie, which was down pretty low and was beginning to rise.

The firm cleared \$9,000, which raised their capital to \$35,000.

Bessie's work had run down during July and August, but with the coming of cooler weather it began picking up again.

She hustled around, looking for more and got enough to keep herself and two assistants going.

Hal's father was home during the summer, and he was greatly surprised to find that his son was in the brokerage business for himself.

He came down to the office and was introduced to Bessie,

and he sized his son's partner up as an uncommonly smart girl.

When Labor Day came around Hal went down to a summer resort on the north shore of Long Island to spend a couple of days at the cottage of Broker Weston.

The family usually stayed away till the middle of September.

The boy broker spent most of his time in Nellie Weston's company, and they had a good time together.

One afternoon they went cruising along inshore in a cat-boat which Hal knew how to manage, and they landed in a little cove at the foot of a short line of cliffs.

A path led to the top of the cliffs, and they started up it to get a view of the Sound and the distant shore of Connecticut from the top.

At a certain spot the path branched off in two directions.

Hal took the wrong one, which led around a jutting crag, and then down into another cove hidden from the outside, the water of which flowed in and out through a narrow inlet.

Instead of retracing their steps to the other path they went on, and soon got to the cove.

Here they found a large hut constructed out of wreckage, and a small black sloop at anchor.

Smoke was issuing from a rusty-looking stove-pipe that came through the roof of the shanty, but they saw no one about.

After seeing that the only land exit from the place was by the path they had come there, they started to return.

Then their retreat was suddenly blocked by a man who came from behind a great boulder.

Nellie Weston uttered an exclamation, for she recognized this man as Ferguson.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN THE COVE.

"Well, Miss Weston, I see we meet again," said the rascal, with a malicious grin.

"I don't wish to have anything to say to you, Mr. Ferguson," said Nellie, drawing back.

"Ferguson!" cried Hal. "Is this the fellow who kidnaped you?"

"It is," she replied.

"And you are the boy who spoiled all my plans," said Ferguson, with a scowl. "I have a bone to pick with you, and I think this is a good time and place to settle the matter."

Something in the man's tone and manner put Hal in mind of the man who stole the hand-bag from him, and there was also a suspicious resemblance between the fellow and the crook who posed as the Rev. Mr. Cuddy.

The Wall Street boy began to entertain an idea that he was face to face with both of those scoundrels in the person of Ferguson.

"Stand out of the way. We want nothing to do with you," he said.

"Oh, I couldn't think of parting with you both after the unexpected pleasure of meeting with you in the neighborhood of my summer residence," he said, with a wicked little laugh.

"What do you mean, fellow?" cried Hal, putting one arm about Nellie, to reassure her.

"I mean I intend to offer you the hospitality of my seaside bungalow. I am sorry it isn't as fine, nor as large, as you are perhaps used to, but such as it is you are welcome to enjoy its seclusion for a while. Visitors come this way so seldom that I appreciate the honor of your company," he said, with a grin.

"We don't choose to be made a fool of by you," said Hal, in a resolute tone. "Get out of the way or there will be something doing you won't like."

Ferguson laughed and, putting his fingers to his lips, gave a sharp whistle.

Two men came out of the hut and looked toward them.

At the sight of these men, Hal was almost certain as to the identity of the three men who assaulted him in his office and tried to rob his safe.

The boy, realizing that they were in a nest of trouble, determined to get the girl away at any rate.

"Are you going to get out of the way?" he said to Ferguson.

The rascal refused to budge.

Hal sprang upon him and shouted to Nellie to run for the boat.

"Go, go!" he cried as he struggled with the man.

Nellie rushed up the path, but paused at the turn to see how her companion was getting on.

"Catch that girl and bring her back," shouted Ferguson to his companions when they came running to his aid.

One of them started after Nellie while the other grabbed hold of Hal.

The boy had no chance at all with the two of them, and was thrown on the ground and held down.

Nellie fled as fast as she could, but instead of running toward the boat she darted up the other path, which led to the top of the cliff.

This was the best course she could have pursued, but in any case she did not have much chance.

Yanking Hal on his feet, Ferguson and his associate, holding him each by an arm, forced the boy toward the hut.

Pushing him inside, they took him into a small, dark, back room, built into the wall of the cliff, and, picking up some rope, tied him to one of the uprights of the building.

There they left him, closing the ramshackle door upon him.

It had neither lock, bolt nor handle, and was full of breaks that let in shafts of dull light from the main room beyond.

In a few minutes the third man returned leading Nellie, whom he had caught close to the top of the cliff.

"Well, young lady, you see there is no use in trying to get away from me," said Ferguson, with a grin, compelling her to enter the hut. "You eluded me once by a neat little stratagem, but I don't think you will be able to repeat the performance."

"How dare you treat me in this shameful manner?" she cried, indignantly.

"Pardon me, it is your own fault if I am compelled to use force," he said.

Hal could easily hear every word that passed in the next room.

When he heard Ferguson say "pardon me," he no longer had the slightest doubt that the rascal and the bogus minister were one and the same.

"Where is Mr. Howland?" said Nellie.

"He is quite safe, I assure you," said Ferguson.

"I want to know what you have done with him," she demanded.

"I told you he was safe. We have got him nicely tied up so he won't be able to interfere between us."

"You are a coward. When my father hears about this last outrage he will see that you are well punished."

"I think not. I expect to be his son-in-law by then."

"Do you think I would ever marry you—never!"

"Never is a long day, Miss Nellie. I assure you that you will marry me right away, and that you will consent to the ceremony."

"You must be crazy."

"I am not crazy. I am simply resourceful. I have just thought of a way to compel you to yield your consent."

"There is no way to compel a woman to do what she will not."

"I beg to differ with you. You are young and inexperienced in the world. You will learn as you grow older. Long ago—that is, when I first met you—I made up my mind to marry you. I would have succeeded, but your parents interfered. Had not you thought of attracting outside attention when I had you locked up in your stateroom aboard the steamer, we would have been married several months ago, and have been enjoying a delightful motor honeymoon through the sylvan districts of England. However, the pleasure was only deferred. We will be married on this side, and have our honeymoon over here. If your father will put up the price I will take you on a continental tour with all the pleasure in the world."

"I will never marry you. You can't make me do it," said Nellie, defiantly.

"We shall see. Fate was kind to me when she brought that knight errant of yours on the scene with you. I shall use him as a pawn in the game."

"Do you think you could buy him over to help you? You never could. He is a gentleman and would scorn to have any dealings with you."

"I don't intend to try to buy him over. In fact, I haven't the wherewithal with which to bribe any one at present. But if you wish to save his life you will consent to marry me this evening."

"What do you mean?" cried Nellie, startled by his words.

He is in my power, and I owe him a grudge for spoiling my plans with regard to yourself. For that reason I had just as soon do him up as not. I am willing to call everything off against him in return for your hand. Should you continue obstinate, his death will follow."

"Do you mean to say you would kill him?"

"I do, as surely as the sun shines at this moment. You hold his life in your hands. Consent to marry me and he is free; refuse, and he dies with the rising of the tide."

"You would not dare do such a thing as that," cried the girl.

"I'd dare do anything to win you. This is a secluded spot. People hardly ever come here, so there is little chance of interference from the outside. If you let the matter go to the end, and the boy dies, his death will be on your head, as well as on mine. We shall bury him out in the Sound, and no one will ever know what has become of him."

Nellie was now thoroughly terrified, and she begged Ferguson to have pity on her and let them both go.

"If you will promise me now to marry me this evening I will release your friend at once. That will save him from any part of the ordeal I have mentioned."

"I cannot marry you—indeed, I cannot," she sobbed.

"Very well. Then, as the tide is coming in we will begin the proceedings."

"No, no, no!" she cried, seizing him by the arm as he started for the door.

"I say yes, for we have no time to lose if the performance is to be a success."

"Oh, don't; oh, don't!" she begged, hysterically.

At this moment one of the men came in hastily.

"Two gentlemen are coming down the cliff path," he said, hastily. "What are you going to do to escape discovery?"

"Gag this girl, quick!" said Ferguson. "Where's Benson?"

"At the door."

"Go in the back room and gag that boy. Then nail that piece of wood across the door. As soon as you've finished, come down to the edge of the water and we'll take you aboard."

Benson rushed in to the back room and tied a handkerchief across Hal's mouth.

Then he came out and began nailing up the door.

While he was doing it Ferguson and the other man carried Nellie aboard the black sloop and shoved her into the little cabin.

Ferguson's associate returned in the rowboat and took Benson off.

They rowed around to the front of the sloop, grabbed a rope handed over by Ferguson, and a minute later they were towing the sloop out through the narrow channel.

They only went as far as the entrance, and while Benson remained in the boat and rowed just enough to keep the sloop from drifting back with the tide, the other helped Ferguson get the sails ready for instant hoisting.

They did not hoist the canvas though, but waited for events to shape themselves.

When the two well-dressed men who had started down the cliff reached the cove, there was no one in sight, and the place appeared quite deserted.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUSION.

The newcomers looked around at the bare rocks, the hut and the waters of the little basin.

"This spot appears to be deserted," said one of the gentlemen. "Let us sit here and continue our talk."

"There might be somebody in the hut. Let us see," said the other.

The door stood open and they walked in.

"There is no one here," said the first speaker.

"Let us use these stools," said the other. "They are preferable to the rocks outside."

"Very well. We will talk here, then."

The gentlemen sat down.

Hal struggled to get rid of the gag so as to call out to them, but he could not get his mouth free.

"You say, Mr. Carter, that all we need to get complete control of the trolley line is to secure the block of stock owned by old Milburn?" said the gentleman who had suggested taking possession of the stools.

"That is right. The whole success of our plans, which we have been working for the past six months, hinges on that stock."

"How is it that the present management, the party in power, has not got hold of it?"

"They have been trying to, but have been unable to locate the present whereabouts of the old man."

"Do you know where he is to be found?"

"I do. I have had men out looking for him. They have found him up at Orange Lake, living with his widowed daughter."

"Do you think he will sell the stock, or can he be induced to vote his stock with us for a consideration?"

"The man who finally spotted him has been sounding him

quietly on the subject. He wired me yesterday evening that the old man is willing to sell out at little above the market price—say, 56."

"How many shares has he?"

"Five thousand one hundred."

"How came he to have the extra one hundred?"

"Oh, he bought the shares a long time ago in piecemeal, and that is the number now in his name on the company's books."

"He must be pretty well fixed to be able to hold onto them in spite of the fact that the line has not paid any dividends for the last two years."

"Well, I don't know anything about his resources. The chances are he has no need of ready money, or he would have sold on the present rising market."

"It is fortunate he doesn't know how valuable his stock is to the parties fighting for the control of the road. If he did he would demand a heavy figure for it."

"And he'd get it. The people in control would give any price in reason for his shares, and our syndicate would bid correspondingly if we had to."

"Now, all we've got to do is to shake the tree and the fruit will fall into our laps."

"Exactly. The figure he asks for the block is \$285,600. He told my man that if he would put up ten per cent. of that he would sign a thirty-day option for the transfer."

"That is \$28,560?"

"Of course."

"What did your man tell him?"

"That he would communicate his offer to the parties he represented, and no doubt a messenger would be sent to treat with him on those terms."

"Well, who is going to see him?"

"I am. I shall take the ten o'clock train for Newburg in the morning, and the trolley will take me to the lake. He lives in a white cottage within half a mile of the lake."

"Good. Then by to-morrow afternoon we will be in control of a majority of the trolley stock."

The gentlemen lighted cigars, got up and left the hut.

In spite of his terrible predicament, Hal had grown interested in the talk of the gentlemen.

The subject of their conversation attracted him.

When they finished and got up to go, the boy made a desperate effort to attract their attention, but did not succeed.

As they appeared to be his only hope, he strained hard at his bonds and broke them.

In a twinkling he tore off the gag and shouted, but his cry did not reach the ears of the gentlemen, who were half way up the path by that time.

Getting rid of the cord, he threw his weight against the door.

It yielded, for the piece of wood nailed to hold it was but insecurely fastened by Benson, who was in a hurry.

Rushing out of the hut, Hal saw that the black sloop was gone.

He figured that the men had sailed her into the Sound, carrying Nellie with them a prisoner.

He rushed up the path till he reached a point where he could see the Sound.

The black sloop was lying at the entrance of the inlet under bare poles.

Coming up the coast was a swift steam launch, with several men in her.

As yet she was out of sight of Ferguson and his pals.

Here was the chance to capture the rascals and rescue the girl.

Hal started to clamber down the face of the rocks.

While he was doing it the launch came in sight around a projecting point, and the three rascals saw her.

In a moment they got busy, and the two companions of Ferguson got into the rowboat and began towing her back into the basin out of sight.

Hal reached the water's edge just as the launch came along close in.

He began signaling to the men in her.

The launch bore in toward him and ran close in.

"Hello, are you stuck?" asked one of the men.

"No; but I want help."

"What for?"

"To save a young lady from three rascally crooks who have her in their power."

"Where are the crooks and the young lady?"

"On board of a black sloop in a cove here."

Hal was told to step aboard, and the launch ran in through the inlet.

There Ferguson and his pals were found securing the sloop to a tree.

They were captured after a fight, during which Hal released Nellie from the cabin of the craft.

The three men were bound and put in the cabin, the sloop taken in tow, and the party went on to the wharf of the summer resort where the Westons had their cottage.

The constable was sent for and took charge of the three men, who Hal said were wanted in New York.

Broker Weston charged Ferguson with abduction, and Hal charged him and his pals with assault and attempted robbery.

The New York police were notified by wire, and detectives came and took the men to New York.

Ferguson was in due time tried for abduction, convicted and sent to Sing Sing.

The other two were tried for helping Ferguson at the cove, and sentenced to two years each, but Hal could prove nothing against them himself.

On the evening of the events just narrated, Hal decided to take advantage of the pointer he had heard in the hut.

He determined to get the 5,100 shares of trolley stock from old Milburn, at Orange Lake, and hold it for a big price.

It was necessary for Hal to carry at least \$28,560 with him, and he could not get the money before nine next morning, when the safe deposit vault opened.

He interviewed Mr. Weston about it.

"I'd give you my check for the amount, but the old man probably would not take it unless it was certified," said the broker. "You must take the cash."

"I can't get it till after nine," said Hal.

"Take the eight o'clock train for Newburg and I will telegraph the sum you want to you at half-past nine. Be at the express office ready to receive it."

The matter was so arranged.

Hal reached Newburg at quarter past nine and went directly to the express office, where he saw the manager.

While they were talking the telegraph order came.

The manager wrote a check on the Newburg Bank, and Hal rushed over and got it certified, then he started for Orange Lake, where he arrived at half-past ten.

He was directed to Milburn's cottage, and went there at once.

Hal had no difficulty in securing the thirty-day option on the stock at 56, and paid ten per cent. of the sum on deposit.

The stock was in a New York safe deposit vault.

He took the option back with him, and when he reached his office he explained what he had done to Bessie, who approved of it.

Then he took \$28,560 from the firm's funds in the safe deposit box and returned Broker Weston the money he had advanced to him.

That afternoon Hal had a call from the two gentlemen who had unwittingly put him in possession of the facts on which he had acted so promptly.

They told him that they had heard he had bought old Milburn's stock, and they asked him what he wanted for it.

"What will you give?" Hal asked.

"Fifty-seven," said the spokesman.

"Nothing doing," replied Hal.

"What do you want for it?" he was asked.

"Seventy-five."

"Preposterous!" said the gentleman, impatiently.

"Not at all, gentlemen. Our firm has a grip on the market, and if you want to loosen that grip you'll have to pay for it. If you don't want it at my price I'll offer it to the other side."

The gentleman offered him 65, but Hal shook his head.

Then they went away to consult the syndicate.

For ten days the young firm held the market in their power, and the fact was printed in the papers, then the syndicate accepted his offer and sent a certified check for the stock.

"Bessie," said Hal, when the deal was over, "we're worth \$132,000. There is nothing left for me to do but to marry you so as to keep it in the family. Are you willing, sweetheart?"

She was, and in the course of time they were married, and then the fact came out in the papers that a boy and a girl constituted the firm which for a few days had had a grip on the market.

Next week's issue will contain "STRANDED IN THE CITY; OR, A BOY WITH A HEAD FOR BUSINESS."

SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE.

CURRENT NEWS

The day of dungeon and dark cell confinement in Sing Sing and Auburn prisons is gone. The Superintendent of State Prisons, John B. Riley, issued an order recently prohibiting such punishment for inmates of the two institutions. Unruly prisoners hereafter will be placed in isolation cells or confined on short rations. This plan has been in operation at the Clinton prison for a week and has proved successful.

The deficit of the Federal Treasury for the current fiscal year is \$10,343,000, compared with \$4,850,000 a year ago. September, however, made a better showing than previous months, receipts exceeding disbursements by \$2,059,000. The net balance in the general fund is \$123,417,000, while the total cash in the Treasury is \$2,020,142,000. National banks were increased during the month to 7,513, and the total outstanding national bank-note circulation is \$759,031,000.

While repairing the State highway at the top of Conococheague Mountain, near Concord, Md., Ralph Hopple and Elias Snyder, who were tearing down a stone wall, found an express money box, of heavy sheet iron, lined with wood. The lid was partly open and the lock had been sprung with an iron hook found near the box. It is thought the box was in the old stone wall for more than a century, and was placed there by a gang of robbers that infested that section in the days of stagecoaches.

It was in Egypt in all probability that the condition we call civilization had its rise at a time when the very idea of writing was unknown to other nations. An attempt is now being made to show that the idea of the settled and more or less orderly and peaceful social state to which we give the name of civilization came from Chaldea or Babylonia, when that sort of thing existed long before it was brought to Egypt. But not as yet is the theory clearly proved, though its advocates are making some pretty strong points in its favor. So far, however, the land of Egypt holds the title.

A clever person in St. Petersburg has arranged and placed on exhibition a clock with a phonograph attachment that will repeat at an hour set, according to the possessor's desire, such orders for announcements as may be committed to it. A contemporary rightly calls this a boon to the tired housemother, and adds that in the nursery the solemn timepiece could be made to say, "Children, it is time to get up; dress quickly." In the kitchen at an early hour, it would be ready with: "Breakfast at eight sharp, Mary; don't forget"; and in the breakfast room, "You must start in ten minutes, or you will lose your train." The dial of this clock of the future is, we are told, a human face, from whose uncanny mouth come the announcement of the hours, as well as any directions that may be left with it.

When George Rogovoy, a Russian tourist, sat down at a table in a Chestnut street restaurant, Philadelphia, the other night, he did not know that before he arose he would throw away a pearl supposedly worth \$2,000 and retain one valued at \$5,000. Rogovoy and his wife began their dinner with oysters, and the former was eating his third bivale when he bit into a hard substance. He supposed it was part of the shell, and threw it on the floor. On eating the sixth oyster Rogovoy's teeth came in contact with another hard substance, which he took from his mouth and examined critically. Believing that he had found a gem he took the object to a jeweller, who pronounced it a pear-shaped pearl of perfect contour, and placed the value at \$5,000.

J. T. Hoops, a farmer, residing near Holdman, Ore., arrived in Pendleton recently and telegraphed an appeal to Washington for government aid in fighting jack rabbits that have infested the central part of Umatilla County, and are doing serious damage to growing wheat and rye. Owing to the State bounty on coyotes, they have been practically exterminated, and with the disappearance of their natural enemies the jack rabbits have multiplied in serious proportions. Poisoning, trapping, shooting, dogs, and all other methods of attacking these pests have had little effect. Hoops claims that in one instance a section of grain land 15 miles long and 12 miles wide has been eaten clean by the rabbits. Hoops will urge the government to send agents here to inoculate captive rabbits with the bacilli of a disease fatal to these rodents, known as rabbit distemper," with the expectation that those inoculated when turned loose will infect all others that they come in contact with.

Preparations are far advanced for a new and important British Antarctic expedition under the command of J. Foster Stackhouse, a nephew of the famous physician, the late Sir Jonathan Hutchinson. Mr. Stackhouse was intimately associated with Captain Scott, and his objective will be King Edward the Seventh's Land and the unknown area to the east of it. King Edward's Land was discovered by Captain Scott in 1902, but he did not land there and no Briton has ever trodden its soil. For the voyage a special boat—the Polaris—has been built in Norway, according to designs approved by Nansen. Captain Scott also saw the plans and made suggestions regarding them. According to present arrangements the expedition will start from the Thames about August 15 next year and enter the ice at latitude 70 degrees south and longitude 100 degrees west. It will winter in the pack ice and stay, if necessary, a second or third winter. The return journey will be by way of the Panama Canal. Stackhouse himself has never been to the Antarctic, but he has had a good deal of Arctic experience.

AN IRISH ROBINHOOD

OR,

THE HEROES OF THE BRIDGE

By GASTON GARNE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER II (continued).

Cries of rage burst from the French soldiers as they saw their leader fall with his horse, and St. Ruth sprang to his feet and rushed toward the outlaws, crying:

"Charge for France and St. Dennis! Death to the vile robbers!"

"Back to your coverts," cried Barney of the Bow, suddenly dragging his young friend to the rear with him. "Farewell. St. Ruth, till we meet in Athlone. You may count on us to defend the bridge, but not to strike against youth and virtue."

"Where's my friend?" cried De Courcey, as he found himself forced back into the dense wood, where the horsemen were unable to charge on them.

"Here he is," cried the giant, who bore the lad in his arms as if he were a child. "I will tend to the boy. Where away now, brave Barney of the Bow?"

"To the ford, to the upper ford, with all the speed you can. We must cross the river ere the proud Frenchman reach there."

CHAPTER III.

THE FIGHT ON THE SHANNON SIDE.

While retreating into the depths of the dense wood, the outlaw and his friend could hear the cries of rage that burst from St. Ruth and his soldiers as they endeavored to find a path whereby they could pursue the fugitives.

When they reached a safe distance, young De Courcey said to the giant:

"You can let the lad down now and rest, my good friend."

"Sure 'tis no trouble to carry the little fellow till the horses come," replied the big fellow, tossing his burden as if playing with an infant.

"Drop the lad, Fingal, and let him join us," cried the outlaw leader. "Look to the horses yourself, and see that they are ready for us at the pass."

The giant obeyed on the instant, and the lad was soon by his friend's side, crying:

"Oh, I am so glad he did not see me, dear friend. How can we thank the brave man who served us so well?"

"By not saying another word about it, Miss Una Dubois. I knew your mother when she was a Miss Fitzgerald, and it would be queer, indeed, if I would not serve her daughter when in need. De Courcey, you must both go to Athlone with me."

"It will be very hazardous for all of us now, sir. St. Ruth will be your enemy hereafter as well as ours."

"Not he, when his anger wears away. And what do we care if he is? We must fight to defend the old town, or I would send an escort with you to the west. Join my band for the present, and the mischief a one of St. Ruth will ever know you."

"Can you disguise the pair of us, then?"

"That I can, and I can give you a place of shelter in Athlone, where you will be safe until the priest joins you in wedlock, if you are not married yet."

"We are not, good friend. Dear Una, will you come to Athlone with me? I would dearly love to strike a blow in defense of the old town."

"I will, indeed, Charles, but I tremble at the thought of falling into the hands of St. Ruth or the English, you know."

"No fear of that, as we will form a rampart of Irish hearts around you," said the outlaw. "St. Ruth will soon be busy enough with the English, I warrant. Hear their guns playing on the old fortress now. That music will call him back to war, if he is but a true soldier. On to the ford before they get there ahead of us."

When they reached the ford, some two miles above, Fingal and the other outlaws awaited them with the three horses.

The giant plunged into the river, leading the disguised girl's horse, as he cried:

"Make haste over, all of you, as I see the Frenchmen galloping this way now, and they will soon espy us."

"Push on, then," cried Barney of the Bow, in fierce tones. "I'd give the proud foreigners a blow or two, only that they are all wanted to fight against the English."

While passing through the wood, the leader of the outlaws, with the assistance of some of his followers, had succeeded in disguising his two friends in the most effective manner, and they now appeared almost as uncouth as any of their wild companions.

Plunging into the stream, they were all safe across before the Frenchmen reached the opposite bank; but ere they could proceed on their journey, loud, warlike cries were heard from the opposite side, mingled with pistol shots and the clashing of swords.

"Up with you and see what's going on, Fingal," cried the leader, pointing to a large tree. "You have the eyes of an owl."

The giant climbed the tree with all the activity of a monkey, while De Courcey turned to the leader, saying:

"I am certain I hear the English war-cry mingled with the French, sir."

"Then St. Ruth is in danger, and we must go to his rescue. What do you see, infant?"

"Gallant men battling hand to hand. It is the English who are at the French, and the bulldogs are two to one against them."

"Back to the rescue!" cried Barney of the Bow, dashing into the stream again. "You will remain here with the lad, De Courcey."

"Not I, on my honor, while I can strike a blow against the English."

"Then what is to become of the lad?"

"Think not of me, but hasten to the rescue," cried the disguised girl.

"With due permission," cried the giant, dropping from the tree, "I will take care of the lad. There's a nice nook up there, where he can be sheltered and see the fun."

"Then up with him and then over," said the leader. "The French are giving way. If St. Ruth is taken or slain, Athlone is lost."

Grasping the pretended lad with one arm, the giant seized a branch of the tree and raised himself up again with the lad, as he cried, in jovial tones:

"You will be an owl to-night, my boy; but don't you offer to stir from your nest until I come for you, as the hawks are abroad."

Seating the girl on a strong limb near the trunk, the big fellow hastened to descend again, as he cried:

"Back to the fight with you all, or the French will be destroyed. The English bulldogs are chasing them like cats."

The giant sprang on the horse the young girl had been riding, and dashed back into the ford again, flourishing his big battle-ax.

Barney of the Bow and De Courcey were the first to reach the other side, and the leader dashed into the wood in front of him without waiting for the others, as he cried:

"After me, men of the Shannon side, but utter no war-cry at present."

When St. Ruth and his men found that they could not force their way into the dense wood on their war-steeds in pursuit of the fugitives and the outlaws, the French leader thought of the ford, and mounting another steed, he cried:

"Ride along the bank, and we will cut them off ere they can cross."

While there was a rugged path winding along the banks of the river, leading up to the ford, the horsemen's movements were slow, and the outlaws took short cuts through the wood.

On nearing the ford, where the ground was more open than on the river bank, St. Ruth was suddenly surprised by a large force of English troopers dashing out on them from the wood, and shouting their war cries, as they charged full on his flank.

The gallant Frenchman had barely time to wheel his men to meet the shock, when the English were on him, with pistol and with sword, as their leader cried:

"Cry quarter and lay down your arms."

"Charge for France and good King Louis," was St. Ruth's response, as he dashed in among the foe with his men. "Brave Frenchmen will never cry for quarter."

Then steel rushed against steel, and bright swords flashed together in wild confusion, while many a brave rider rolled over on the greensward, to sleep his last sleep on the banks of the Shannon.

Some half a dozen of St. Ruth's men gathered around their chief at the first onset, as if to protect him from the swords of their enemies, but his spirited steed soon bore him into the thickest of the English ranks, and the French leader was soon fighting alone.

Although the English were not aware of the ford being above them, they moved and fought to cut off their enemies' upward march, and thus drive them back toward Athlone and their own camp.

The French struggled, after the first onset, to cut their way up the river bank, but they were outnumbered and forced back at every point, though fighting with the most desperate courage and valor.

When St. Ruth saw his men giving way, he wheeled his steed to join them, as he raised his war-cry, and cut around him with all the force and skill he could command.

Several of his men rushed to the rescue at the moment, and the French leader was soon in the midst of his own friends again.

"One more charge for France and glory!" cried St. Ruth, as he led his shattered troop at the foe once more. "Burst through their lines, brave Frenchmen!"

The Frenchmen were brave, indeed, but they could not burst through that solid phalanx of English steel, and some of them reeled back from the shock, while several fell on that field of honor.

"Charge on them!" yelled the English leader, as he made a dash at St. Ruth. "'Tis the French general himself, and he will be our prize."

"Down with the French!" yelled the English, as they pressed on their foes with renewed vigor. "Let us capture or slay their general, and Athlone is ours."

"To the rescue, to the rescue!" yelled a fierce voice from the wood. "Back and form again, St. Ruth, and let us have at the English bulldogs. At them, my brave lads of the Shannon, and show them what Irish steel is made of."

Then out from the side of the wood burst the Irish outlaws, Barney of the Bow and De Courcey leading the way.

Close behind them rode Fingal, brandishing his battle-ax, as he cried:

"Down with the English bulldogs! Cleave them to the earth! Hurrah for the boys of the Shannon and Ireland forever!"

CHAPTER IV.

BARNEY OF THE BOW PROVES HIS SKILL IN BATTLE

The Irish outlaws made a terrible outcry when rushing from the wood on their foes, and the English leader fully believed that he was attacked by a superior force.

(To be continued.)

FACTS WORTH READING

YALE MAY LOSE LEGACY.

Yale will lose the \$700,000 bequest made by Mrs. Mary O. Hotchkiss, of East River, in case the claim made by her granddaughter, Mrs. Louisa Goodno, New Haven, is sustained. Mrs. Hotchkiss died several months ago, leaving her entire estate to Yale, subject to a life use by her daughter, Marie Hotchkiss. Mrs. Hotchkiss was the wife of Henry O. Hotchkiss, who died in this city in 1884, leaving an estate of about \$200,000.

His widow was administratrix of the estate, and Mrs. Goodno represented to the Probate Court that her grandmother, the administratrix, applied the estate to her own use instead of dividing it among the three children, as directed by the will. Mrs. Goodno is the daughter of Nathaniel Hotchkiss, one of the three children, and Mrs. Goodno claims the share which her father inherited. The case will be appealed to the Superior Court.

FIREPROOF CLOTHING.

"Fireproof clothing next!"

That was the statement made recently before the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers by Professor William Henry Perkin, of the University of Manchester, in the center of the English cotton manufacturing industry.

"Children now may be dressed in the fireproof clothing, actors may have their costumes treated to resist flame, lace curtains that usually are a menace in homes lighted with gas or oil may be made less hazardous," said the professor, who made upward of 10,000 burning tests before a solution was found that would stand constant washing with soap and other compounds and remain non-combustible.

Professor Perkin demonstrated before the manufacturers four specimens treated to resist fire. The first was the material processed but not washed; the second the treated material after being washed ten times by hand; the third showed the material after being machine washed twenty times in a laundry, and finally a portion of a garment in actual use for two years, washed every week and practically in rags.

All resisted fire and Professor Perkin asserted that no amount of washing with hot soap and water would remove the fire proofing agent.

LONDON STATISTICS SHOW THAT INTOXICATION GOES WITH PROSPERITY.

If statistics are to be believed prosperity and drinks go hand in hand in England. There has been more work and more drinking during the last twelvemonth.

Public houses (on licenses) have decreased by 10 per cent. since 1905. At the end of 1912 they numbered 88,608, but the convictions for drunkenness in 1912 were 18,252, being 10,462 more than in 1911.

"An increase in convictions," states the report, "may be due almost directly to the extinction of licenses—e. g., the drunkard may be driven from his old haunts in a back street, where he used to soak unseen, out into the open, where he is arrested."

London, with a total of 50,382 convictions, shows a far higher proportion of convictions for drunkenness (calculated per 10,000 of the estimated population) than either the county boroughs or the non-county boroughs.

During February, March and April, 1912 (the months of the miners' strike), there was a persistent decline to far below the corresponding record of 1911.

"There was a still more rapid and persistent rise, with the return of good work and wages, till July. The 1912 figures for Greater London, unlike those for 1911, show a decline in June and July (the months of the transport workers' strike). In August, when that was over, the figures rose again."

THE FINEST PENITENTIARY IN THE U. S.

Federal prisoners at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., have completed the construction of the finest penitentiary in the United States. Five years ago the Government made an appropriation of \$643,000 for the project. It is declared the new structure would have cost the Government \$3,000,000, but for the material assistance of Col. Thomas H. Slavens, commandant of the United States Military prison at the fort.

The completion of the new buildings will mark a complete change in the character of the military prison. Instead of making convicts of army deserters and petty offenders, Uncle Sam is going to try a new plan. There is entirely too much soldier material wasted by the old system. Uncle Sam is going to conserve this by giving deserters a chance to get back into the ranks, through the reformatory, and clear their records.

The labor on the new buildings was the easiest problem for Col. Slavens. Confined in the prison were men from every walk of life, bricklayers, stone-masons, plumbers, mill workers and laborers. Those who knew no trade were given instruction in performing the work of ordinary laborers. There are now 960 prisoners, most of them army deserters, and 300 of these were employed on the construction proper.

In addition to the work on the prison, which consisted of quarrying in the prison quarries, crushing stone, mixing concrete and other work that goes with the erection of fine buildings, prisoners assist in the construction of roads, the preservation of forest lands, till the soil on the prison farm and work in clothing shops where clothing is made for the prisoners. The prison is built of concrete blocks, with individual cells fitted with electric lights, toilets and other conveniences. There is an auditorium that will seat 2,200 and a dining-room that will seat the same number. An artist is now painting scenery for the prison stage.

YOUNG TOM BROWN

OR,

THE BOY WHO KNEW HIS BUSINESS

By ED. KING

(A SERIAL STORY.)

CHAPTER X (continued).

"So you want me to go with you to protect him in case of trouble? Is that the idea?" asked Tom.

"That's just it, but he must no know. If he was to find it out he would be very angry, and it would ruin all your business chances with him; but still he must not—shall not go there without some one to watch over him in case trouble comes."

"I'll watch over him," said Tom quietly. "If it isn't safe for him to go alone he shan't go alone, that's all."

"But, Tom, I don't want to injure you. Father thinks a great deal of you now. If he should find out—"

"I'll take my chances on that, Kate. Even if your father should take his work away from me, I could still live."

"You are sure, Tom?"

"Quite sure, Kate. I know my business. I don't make mistakes."

"But it seems dreadful to have to ask you to do this without making any explanation. What must you think of me?"

Tom felt that he would have liked to tell her just how much he really did think of her, but he wisely held his tongue on that subject.

"It's all settled, Kate, as far as I am concerned," he said. "When shall I meet you, and where? Make your own time and place."

"Let it be at the Red Bridge at half past eleven," said Kate hurriedly. "And now leave me, I shall be there on my wheel, and you want to have yours. I wish I dared to ask you to hire a team so that we might bring father back in case of trouble, but I don't; and, Tom, have you got a revolver?"

"I have."

"Then bring it! You will not be afraid to use it if worse comes to worst and father's life is in danger, will you, Tom?"

"Kate," said Tom earnestly. "Your father has been good to me and mine, and I will fight for him to the last gasp. That's the way I stand, and remember another thing: no matter what happens to-night, my lips are sealed until you give me permission to open them."

"You're a true friend, Tom," said Kate brokenly. "Now leave me, for I must hurry home before I am missed."

Thus saying, Kate turned the corner of Main street and hurried toward the hotel at which the Merwin family was now staying, leaving Tom to return home slowly, and make such explanations to his father and sister as he could.

What was this mystery which hung over the Merwin family?

Tom did not know, though of course he speculated a good deal upon it between the time when he left Kate and half past eleven, when he rode up to the Red Bridge on his wheel.

It was a dark, dismal night. The wind sighed mournfully through the trees which lined the creek on either side.

Tom slipped off his wheel and stood leaning against the bridge rail peering about for Kate, when suddenly he heard footsteps coming along the road behind him.

At first he thought it was Kate and it puzzled him, as he had passed no one after leaving the town.

But after all it might not be Kate, and it at once occurred to him that it would be better to hide until he was sure.

There was plenty of chance, for stretching back from the bridge for the distance of fully half a mile was a piece of woods through which the road passed.

Tom slid in among the trees and drew his bike after him.

He had scarcely taken his place when he knew that it could not be Kate. The step was a man's. It was heavy, but it moved slowly and feebly.

Something seemed to tell Tom that the step was Dr. Merwin's, and in a moment he knew that he had guessed correctly, for the old man came into view around the turn in the road.

He shuffled on until he reached the Red Bridge, where he stopped and looked around.

"Tom!" he called. "Tom Brown! I want to speak to you! Tom, are you there?"

Taken all aback, Tom did not know what to do.

Evidently he must have passed Dr. Merwin without knowing it. Evidently also he had been seen. What was he to do?

Just then an owl gave a dismal hoot from a tree behind him.

"Tom Brown! Tom Brown!" called the old doctor again. "I know you are hiding in there somewhere! Come to me, Tom Brown. I want your help!"

CHAPTER XI.

AT MIDNIGHT IN THE SWAMP.

Never in all his life had Young Tom Brown found himself so puzzled as he was now.

What should he do?

In some way his presence at the Red Bridge had been betrayed to the old doctor. To come out and show himself would be to betray Kate's confidence, and yet to refuse this old man who was calling upon him for help was something that he felt he could not do.

But there is always a way out of every dilemma, and Tom found a way out of this quicker than he thought, for all at once a hand was laid upon his arm, and there stood Kate Merwin at his side.

"Tom!" she whispered in a voice so low that although she stood right at his elbow Tom could scarcely hear her. "Tom, you go. Don't say that you saw me! Go and do just whatever he says."

"But, Kate! How did he find out?" breathed Tom.

"Hush! Not a word! Go."

This answer settled it.

Tom was there strictly upon Kate's business. He was ready to do just as she said.

So he took his bike and walked boldly out into the road, approaching Dr. Merwin who stood leaning against the bridge.

"Good evening, doctor," he said in his usual cheery way. "You called me and I am right here. What can I do for you? I am entirely at your service if I can help you in any way."

After that who can deny that Young Tom Brown knew his business.

There is not one boy in ten thousand who could have faced this situation as Young Tom Brown did then.

"I knew you were there, Tom," said the doctor, speaking in a quick, nervous way. "Kate went after you to-night. She told you to meet her here prepared to protect me against imaginary dangers. You consented and you did right, and I appreciate it. I saw you pass on your wheel. I was hiding among the bushes at the time. Kate is not coming, Tom, but I promised that you should go with me into the swamp, and here I am ready to start."

Tom was immensely relieved.

The way Dr. Merwin put the situation it was not necessary for him to say anything.

Of course he could not understand the situation, but so long as it was not necessary to betray Kate's confidence he did not care.

"I am ready, doctor," he said. "I hardly knew what to do when you called, but you have been very kind to father and to me, and I want you to understand that there is nothing that you can ask me to do to-night that I will not do freely. If it comes to a fight——"

"It won't! It won't!" said the doctor hastily. "Kate exaggerated the danger. By the way, boy, what did she tell you. What did she tell you? I want to know right away!"

"Why, she told me nothing, sir," replied Tom. "Nothing at all, I assure you."

"Good!" said the doctor with a sigh of relief. "Now look here, boy. You are no fool. You have proved that to everybody in Dimsdale during the last few weeks. Every family has its skeleton locked up in the closet they say. Unfortunately mine won't stay in the closet; it has got down into the swamp, and I am obliged to interview it to-night; be blind and deaf to all that you see and hear. That's all I ask. Now come on, you can walk your wheel

to the swamp I suppose. Unfortunately I am too old to ride one, so I shall have to trot along the best I can."

Tom assented and they walked along together, the doctor proceeding with slow and feeble steps.

"Ah, Tom, you think you have your troubles in the building business, I daresay," he remarked, "and I have no doubt you think that with a man like me all runs smoothly; but it is not so. I would gladly sacrifice every dollar I am supposed to be worth to-night if I could only stand in your shoes."

Tom was wisely silent, for he felt that the doctor was talking more to himself than he was to him, and that no answer he could make would do any good.

A little later and they came to the swamp, and here Tom left his wheel concealed among the bushes, and they started together along the old wood road.

Where was Kate?

Once or twice Tom ventured to look back in the hope of seeking her, but Kate was nowhere visible; yet he felt sure that she was near him, and that her eye would be upon everything that occurred.

They walked along quietly now, for Mr. Merwin had stopped talking. He seemed calm and determined.

Just before they reached the clearing he stopped, and, turning to Tom, said:

"We are almost at the ruins of the old Conklin House, are we not?"

"We are," replied Tom. "A few steps further will bring us out into the clearing where it stood."

"Very good. Then I must go on alone. You can creep after me, and remain in the shadow of the woods, and remember you are to make no move unless you think that my life or my liberty are in danger. Then act promptly, but if you have to use your revolver do not shoot to kill. Remember, there is nothing so terrible as to have the death of a fellow creature upon your conscience. You had better be dead yourself, my boy—better by far!"

"I shall look out for you in any case, sir," replied Tom. "I promised Kate that."

"Be careful," replied the doctor, and then he walked on into the clearing, leaving Tom to creep on to the edge of the woods.

The doctor pushed ahead with a firmer step than he had shown at any time since Tom met him, and took his stand near the ruins of the house.

Although we have neglected to mention it, a shower came up on the night of the fire, shortly after Tom, Arthur and Kate left the swamp.

It was a good heavy one while it lasted, and it extinguished the fire so that a portion of the old farmhouse still remained standing.

The front door was in this part, and Tom, as he peered out from among the trees could see Dr. Merwin walk boldly up to it.

"Ned! Ned!" called the doctor, pausing in front of the door. "I am here, Ned! You don't have to deal with a woman to-night. Come out and show yourself like a man!"

There was no answer but the sighing of the wind among the trees; but at the instant the doctor called, Tom thought that he could see a man hurry past one of the blackened windows.

(To be continued)

FROM ALL POINTS

The next step is to treat this mass in a rotary spinning-machine. First the mass is spun into a coarse yarn. Then it is drawn and spun until it becomes fine and quite strong. In case a hard, strong thread is required for certain fabrics the asbestos yarn is placed in a doubling and twisting machine, where two or more of the yarn threads are combined. If the asbestos is to be impregnated with rubber a smooth, hard-finished thread is not desirable.

For a long time the problem of spinning asbestos presented many difficulties by reason of the manner in which the threads persisted in slipping past one another. Eventually it was found that, under the microscope, a thread of asbestos displayed a notched surface and that by means of special twisting the spinning could be successfully accomplished. The result is that, after many years of experiment, manufacturers nowadays are able to turn out a single asbestos thread one hundred yards in length and not exceeding an ounce in weight.

By connecting a player piano to the county telephone system a piano company in Indiana is in position to supply music to the homes of all the telephone subscribers, and at the same time advertise their business in an effective manner. At first the scheme attracted only a curious crowd, but later the company began to receive hundreds of telephone calls from persons anxious to hear their favorite selections. The music as it comes over the line is of good tone, and where party lines are in operation, as many as twelve families frequently hear the concert at one time.

The revolving ship is one of those inventions which, although they are obviously impracticable, seem to have a fascination for the inventor which is rather difficult to explain. Several years ago there was built and tried in this country a boat of the revolving type which, if we remember rightly, reached a stage at which it was launched and an attempt was made unsuccessfully to propel it. According to a dispatch from London, a Paris inventor is now busy upon another of these craft, and judging from the meager descriptions available, the designer is following along the lines that were proved to be altogether impracticable fully a dozen years ago.

The report of Postmaster Edward M. Morgan of the business transacted by the New York postoffice for the nine months ended September 30 showed gross receipts of \$21,569,420.05. This was an increase of \$2,990,703.23 over the gross receipts for the same period last year, which was \$18,688,716.82. The increase in the gross receipts for the third quarter of this year was \$968,381.97 over the figures for the quarter ending September 30, 1912. The large increase in the receipts was attributed to the inauguration of the parcel post service. If it keeps on growing, Postmaster Morgan said, the postoffice receipts for the year probably will be \$30,000,000.

In order to give the apprentices at naval training stations a more thorough course in the elementary study of arithmetic, geography, grammar and spelling, the Secretary of the Navy has ordered the course extended from three to four months. This will not be done until the complements of the ships of the Atlantic Fleet have been filled prior to sailing for the Mediterranean on October 25. The Secretary intends to extend the course to six months wherever practicable for the exceptional cases of apprentices who are backward in their studies, and also to afford the opportunity for those who have chosen special branches, such as radio electricians, artificers and machinists, to perfect their knowledge of the chosen branches.

An enterprising house mover in West Somerville, Mass., finding it practically impossible to move a three-story dwelling as it stood, sliced it straight down through the ridge of the gable, and carted it away in two sections. Each section was about forty feet high. The base, however, was thirty feet in length by twenty in width. The result, of course, was that every moment it threatened to topple over. To obviate this, the brick from the chimneys and the stone from the foundations were loaded upon the first floor for ballast. While the work of slicing was going on braces, of course, were required to hold the parts firmly in position. When the two parts were reassembled ten miles away from their original site, the workmen put them together so well that, with a new coat of paint over the whole, no one would ever have suspected the remarkable feat that had been achieved. The house at its old location stood ten feet above the street level. This was the reason that the peculiar method of transporting it had to be resorted to.

According to Professor J. A. Fleming, several of the most powerful wireless stations are now generating ether waves, having a length from crest to crest of about four miles, and these disturbances can be "detected" at distances up to 6,000 miles from their source. That is, four such stations would suffice to girdle the earth. Obviously, however, the ability to "detect" the signals over this vast distance, presumably under favorable weather conditions, is a very different thing from the power to maintain commercial communication along the route. As yet the wireless service available to the public covers but a third or at most half this distance. There is as yet no means of determining the practical limit of wireless communication. Improvements in apparatus, perhaps even some new discovery as to methods of stirring up the ether, may revolutionize the art and upset all present standards. But at present even the most successful systems get into serious difficulties when called upon to maintain constant communication over a line about 2,000 miles in length. A recent British wireless commission was able to secure but one demonstration on a line a thousand miles long, although several companies declared their ability much to exceed this distance in a commercial installation.

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BRIEF BUT POINTED ITEMS

When detectives are trying to find the meeting place of pickpockets that are working in a neighborhood they often ask the letter carriers to help them. The postman can tell them in what mail boxes he finds the most empty pocketbooks. After a thief has picked a man's pocket he wants to get rid of the empty purse as soon as he can, and what could be easier than to drop the looted wallet in a mail box? Then it won't be found on him and nobody can say he saw him throw it away. After every big convention the letter carriers find many empty pocketbooks in the boxes.

The democracy and vivacity of King Alfonso are continually cropping up. One day the King left his steam yacht, the Giralda, moored off Bilbao, and went on a motor trip inland, accompanied by a solitary friend. On the return journey darkness set in, and the King found he had no headlights. He drove cautiously, in the hope of finding a village, whence he could telegraph to the Queen on the yacht. His majesty was getting anxious, when two cyclists passed. "Want a lift?" shouted Alfonso, and the men, astonished to recognize the royal driver, pulled up. The ingenious Alfonso put them in the tonneau of the car, strapped the bicycles behind, put the little oil lamps in front of the big machine for headlights and went on his way.

The opportunity to see an immense army of loons marshal itself for the northward migration to the nesting grounds is not often granted to human observers. Last year a flight started from San Diego harbor. For weeks the loons collected in the harbor. They came from all points, until the water was fairly covered with them. By the middle of March it was clear that the birds were preparing for some great event. They had hitherto been silent; now they had become vociferous; their weird, demoniac laughter was heard day and night. About 9 o'clock one morning they began to collect into companies, each under a leader, who swam about and inspected his ranks with a critical eye, chased stragglers into line, changed formations and issued shrill orders with the air of a field captain. One old patriarch seemed to be the general-in-chief. He swam sedately about from group to group, consulted with his subordinates, and seemed to point out

faults in the formation, which the leaders hastened to correct. There was great changing of places in the ranks; sometimes entire companies would unite to form a battalion, and these battalions join into a regiment. It was interesting to see that when several companies had united, most of the leaders joined the ranks, and left a single bird in command. About noon the ranks were all formed, and the birds extended across the harbor in a long black line, facing north. The general, with his staff about him, swam a few paces in advance. When all was ready, he gave a loud call, and sprang into the air, followed by the entire army. In two minutes not a loon was left in San Diego harbor.

JOKES AND JESTS.

Mother (whose daughter is engaged to a young farmer)—Don't you find Bob rather rough? Daughter (blushing)—Yes, ma. And he says he shaves every day!

First Man—How do you do? Second Man—Beg pardon, but you have the advantage of me. First Man—Yes, I suppose I have. We were engaged to the same girl; but you married her.

"That's a fine baby of yours, Bill," said the boss to his chauffeur. "Yes, Mr. Wilkins," said the chauffeur. "My wife and I are pretty proud of him. He's the latest model, all right—a self-starter, with an automatic horn that would wake the dead."

"Star of my life," whispered the love-lorn youth. "And what star would you call me?" asked the beautiful girl. "Venus. Bewitching entrancing Venus." "But I would rather be Saturn." "Why, my fair one?" "Because Saturn gets a new ring occasionally."

At a certain college in the north of England the male students were not permitted to visit the resident lady boarders. One day a male student was caught in the act of doing so, and was court-martialed. The head master, addressing him, said: "Well, Mr. Blank, the penalty for the first offense is 50 cents, for the second \$2.50, for the third \$5, and so on, up to \$15." In solemn tones the trespasser said: "How much would a season ticket cost?"

Si Hopkins got a job last spring at shooting muskrats, for muskrats overran the mill-owner's dam. There, in the lovely spring weather, Si sat on the grassy bank, his gun on his knee; and finding him thus one morning, I said: "What are you doing, Si?" "I'm paid to shoot the muskrats, sir," he answered. "They're underminin' the dam." "There goes one now," said I. "Shoot, man! Why don't you shoot?" Si puffed a tranquil cloud from his pipe and said: "Do you think I want to lose my job?"

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A FIERCE TIGER HUNT.

By Paul Braddon.

In March, 1880, I was traveling in India, our party consisting of three ladies and one gentleman. We decided to camp and live quietly, spending our time gathering orchids and other botanical specimens. We therefore pitched our tents in a small clearing on the outskirts of the dense jungle, near a military village in the hill country.

Our Hindoo servants soon made us very much at home. It was wonderful to see how they transported every necessary luxury, and, as by magic, raised tents furnished with carpets, chairs, books, and even a bird cage.

Early one morning, as we were lingering over our "chota haziri," or "little breakfast," always taken in India on rising, and speaking of the noises made by the wild animals during the night, my attention was attracted by the great chattering of wild monkeys in the dense jungle close by. At that instant a native came running into the tent in a great state of excitement, salaaming, but waiting for us to speak.

"Kya chahte ho?" (What do you want?) Mr. Norton asked.

"Sahib, plenty big tiger near by. Many men see him. He is hiding near the nala."

We held our breath for an instant, then the blood seemed to leap faster through our veins. A tiger so near! The nala, or stream of water, was but ten rods from our tent.

Immediately we make preparations for the hunt. We put on leather belts, well filled with cartridges, selected Martini rifles, put on pith hats with turbans over them and moved off to da wa khana. Here we found a party of sepoys drawn up in line awaiting our arrival. We soon crossed the little stream, where we saw the tiger's tracks in the mud of the bank, looking like the footprints of a giant cat. Breathlessly we moved on toward the deep jungle of tangled bamboos and palms.

Mr. Norton, who had often shot tigers on foot, took us under his special care. The Hindoo doctor, owing to his knowledge of the jungle, was made the leader of the entire party, and we began our march.

It was a very hot morning. Everything around was parched and withered. The dead leaves under foot were as slippery as glass. The bamboos grew so near together that it was impossible to keep in a direct line. Progress was accordingly slow.

We might have been out three hours, watching every patch of jungle and elephant grass for a sight of the beast we longed to meet, when the wild chattering of a troop of monkeys indicated that the tiger was not far off. What an exciting moment it was. Though the heat was intense and we were very tired, on we went as stealthily as possible, although sometimes falling on the slippery leaves. But the bare feet of our Indian hunters made no noise as they stealthily stole through the dry grass. Heated, breathlessly, on we went. Another chatter of monkeys, a flutter of bright-winged birds as we stepped into a small grassy space, completely encircled by tall palms, showed us that the tiger was near at hand.

A little in advance of our scouting party of natives was a bit of green jungle, heavy and dark. We could see by the rustling of the grass that it was the hiding place of some great animal. A consultation was hurriedly held. How should we attack him? There was not an instant to be lost. Again the tiger moved, and for a second we saw his yellow coat gleaming through the green.

Our talk was suddenly ended in an unexpected way. A clump of elephant grass at one side was quickly parted. A great flash of yellow bounded toward us, a gleam of blazing eyes made our blood run cold. A tigress—a mate of the royal creature in the jungle—with open mouth leaped suddenly upon us.

Motionless with amazement and horror we stood. Oh, the fearful, cruel face, as she stood lashing her tail from side to side. Her hot breath almost burnt my face, as with outspread claws she made one fierce bound toward me, dashing the sepoy in front to the ground.

I was paralyzed with fear. Surely my last hour had come! But a native sprang between us, the rifles cracked, the hunting-knives gleamed. It was soon a hand-to-hand fight.

One gallant young sepoy lay senseless, blood dripped from the shoulder of another. Still the enraged tigress held her ground, while fear and a horrible fascination riveted us to the spot. Although bleeding from a great wound in the shoulder, the tigress once more made ready to spring.

The ladies were in imminent peril. But the brave Hindoo doctor, knife in hand, plunged almost into the jaws of the tigress in deadly embrace. Over rolled man and beast; sometimes a gleam of blood-stained white showed where our poor defender was writhing; but the great tawny body of the tigress seemed to fill all space. None dared to shoot for the rifle shot might kill the man instead of the beast. Finally—it might have been seconds, but it seemed hours—a brave young sepoy rushed up, knife in hand, his swarthy face under his white turban gleaming with excitement.

"Mem Sahib!" he cried. "My doctor! He saved my wife and child. He must not die to-day!" and the brave fellow rushed forward into the jaws of death.

His silver-hilted knife, sharp as a Toledo blade, gleamed with lightning rapidity, and it descended just over the heart. The tigress gave one scream that made the jungle re-echo, then lay quiet forever. She had fought bravely for her mate and little ones hidden in the jungle, but against numbers.

The poor doctor, blood-stained and senseless, was drawn away from under the outstretched paw of the dead animal. The other men escaped with only a few scratches, except the brave rescuer, who had a great gash cut in his brown cheek by the enraged tigress.

The splendid creature lay stretched on the ground, her golden brown skin with its velvety black stripes flecked with blood, gleaming in the hot Indian sun. From tip to tip she measured twelve feet. All was joy and excitement, for as we dashed water in the face of the wounded doctor, he opened his eyes and smiled faintly.

"Thank heaven, the Mem Sahibs are safe!" and we echoed his prayer.

THE ROBBER'S CROSS.

"They call Spain the land of adventure," muttered Harry White, as he strolled before breakfast around the outskirts of a small Spanish town on the southern slope of the Sierra Morena; "and I've been in it three weeks and not had one adventure yet. A man gets no show at all in traveling nowadays. Hello! here comes somebody in a hurry."

Very much in a hurry, certainly, seemed the sturdy Spanish peasant who had just appeared on the top of the steep ridge over the boy's head for he was leaping from crag to crag as recklessly as a wildcat, and at times even swinging himself over some deep cleft by the bough of a tree as if in such haste that he had no time to think of such a trifle as the chance of a broken neck.

But in this case it was "more haste, worse speed," for all at once a large stone gave way beneath the Spaniard's feet, and he came tumbling headlong down into the road amid a whirlwind of dust.

Harry, whose sympathies were already enlisted in favor of a man capable of such feats of strength and daring, flew to the spot, feeling as if he had really met with something like an adventure at least. But when he reached the fallen man he stopped short in sheer amazement.

And well he might. The man whom he had seen bounding along the ridge had long gray hair and beard. He was quite sure of that, for he remembered wondering that an old man should be so active. The hair of the man before him was short, thick, and black as night, and he had no beard at all.

Meanwhile the stranger had managed to sit up and was wiping the blood from a bad cut on his forehead. In doing so he discovered the loss of his false hair and beard, and met Harry's eyes fixed wonderingly upon him.

"Well," asked he fiercely, answering the boy's glance with a defiant stare, "do you know me?"

"No; and I don't want to know you," said Harry, in broken Spanish, rather nettled at the man's imperious tone. "I suppose you're a smuggler by your disguising yourself in that way?"

"Yes, I am," replied the other, with a strange smile. "Are you going to give me up to the police?"

"Not I!" cried Harry. "It is not the style of Englishmen to give away a man who can't stand up for himself."

"Ah, you're an Englishman, then?" said the smuggler, looking curiously at him. "Well, if you are willing to help me, I'll tell you how to do it. Give me your arm as far as the chapel of St. James, about half a mile down the road—for I find I've sprained my ankle too badly to walk alone—and then I'm all right."

At last they reached the chapel, and then, at a peculiar whistle from the smuggler, five wild-looking horsemen with long guns on their shoulders started out of the encircling thickets, one of whom led by the bridle a fine black horse, on which they at once mounted the crippled Spaniard, not without casting more than one puzzled and suspicious look at the wondering boy.

"Take this for your good deed," said the tall smuggler, taking a small silver cross from his neck and giving it to Harry. "It may be of use to you if we ever meet again."

And, as you seem anxious to meet with some Spanish brigands, it may please you to learn that you have seen half a dozen of them to-day."

* * * * *

"Just my luck! I've lost my way, sure enough! And this strikes me as the very place to fall in with that nice man, Pedro Gonsalvez, the brigand captain who seems to be terrorizing the whole country at this time."

The speaker was no other than our friend, Harry White, now grown into a tall young man, and revisiting, after five years' absence beyond the Atlantic, his former haunts in Southern Spain.

What Harry feared came only too soon. A hoarse shout was suddenly heard among the bushes, and, before he could draw his revolver, he was surrounded by a gang of fierce-looking men, whose grim ruffianly faces and scowling eyes boded him no good.

A smart stroke from the butt of Harry White's heavy whip felled the foremost man, but the rest at once dragged him from his horse, and, in spite of his furious struggles, bound him hand and foot.

"Let me kill the dog!" roared the injured robber whose head was bleeding freely. "He shall never strike a Spaniard again!"

"Not so fast, brother Juan," said another. "He looks like an Englishman, and the English are all rich. We'll make him pay a fat ransom."

The robbers laid their prisoner on the horse, and led him up a steep, zig-zag path to a kind of rocky platform, walled in on three sides by unscalable cliffs, while on the fourth lay a precipice of several hundred feet.

Here about twenty more brigands were encamped, and Harry White, suddenly remembering his silver cross, looked eagerly to see if the man who had given it to him was one of the band; but he could see no one in the least like him.

Just then a hasty step was heard below, and a tall, dark figure, springing up the rocks as nimbly as a mountain goat, came bounding on to the platform.

"Up with you, comrades!" shouted the newcomer, who was no other than the formidable Pedro Gonsalvez himself. "We have been betrayed, and all the soldiers from La Redona are upon our trail. We must retreat at once. Ah! Who is this—a prisoner?"

"We took him in the valley yonder and have kept him for ransom," replied one of the bandits.

Instantly a dozen eager hands were rifling Harry's pockets, and the brave lad, giving himself up for lost, prepared to die like a man. But as his watch was dragged forth by the robbers, the silver cross that hung to its chain caught the eye of Gonsalvez, who sprang forward and asked, hurriedly:

"Where did you get that cross?"

"It was given to me five years ago by a smuggler of these parts, whom I helped to escape when he was crippled by a fall," replied Harry, looking fixedly at him.

"And I am the man who gave it," said Gonsalvez, grasping his hand warmly, "and for that good deed you shall depart free and unharmed. Comrades, give him back all that you have taken. Follow that path, which will lead you to the village of San Thomas, and when you tell this story to your friends, tell them also that kindness is never thrown away even upon a brigand."

GOOD READING

Much indignation has been aroused in Nottingham, England, by the allegations of some of the old and decrepit inmates of the Basford Workhouse, Nottingham. They have been yoked to the plough and made to do horses' work on land belonging privately to the guardians.

All the electric lights in Mullins, S. C., went out suddenly the other night and stayed out. The next morning linemen found a 20-inch green snake tangled in some wires on a pole. The snake had crawled to the top of the pole, and, coming in contact with the wires, forced a short circuit, put out the lights, and incidentally died.

The world's first lighthouse for airships and aeroplanes will soon be unveiled at the Johannisthal Aerodrome outside Berlin. The tower, which has been erected by a German cigarette company, is 245 feet high, and its electric searchlight rays, which will sweep the horizon throughout the night, are said to be visible for many miles.

An attractive lady of twenty-five opened a barber shop in Chicago, and the men of the neighborhood, many of whom are hoary-headed and bald, so enjoyed the manipulations of her dainty fingers, that they visited her shop to be shaved as often as twice a day. The wives of some of the gentlemen who suffered from the "shaving fever," called upon the pretty barber in a body and forced her to emigrate.

Alfred I. du Pont, first vice-president of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Powder Company, impelled by a philanthropic motive to put radium within the reach of the masses, has purchased four of the six existing radium ore mines in this country, situated near Centre City, Col., and will develop them. Mr. du Pont has decided to do this through his friendship for Dr. Howard Kelley, a Baltimore surgeon, who believes radium is a certain cure for cancer.

Marguerite Rettchen, aged four years, known as the "don't kiss me baby," has arrived at San Francisco, safe and happy, after traveling all the way from Vienna, Austria, alone. Hugging a big teddy bear, she climbed down from the train recently and ran to her mother. The child bore the following notice, printed on oilcloth sewed on the front of her dress: "Please, dear folks, direct me kindly to San Francisco, to my mamma. All my papers are in my pockets if you need to look at them. I thank everybody ever so much. But please don't kiss me." Everyone she met, she told her mother, "was mighty good to me."

The Borough of Haledon, N. J., has a woman "Weston." She is Mrs. Thomas Lauber, eighty years old, of Van Dyke avenue, Haledon, and she thinks little or nothing of walking from Paterson to Greenwood Lake in one day and without companions or money. She frequently takes the forty-mile trip during the Summer, leaving home at 4

o'clock in the morning and arriving at 6 p. m., and going without food or money. Relatives at the lake provide for her upon her arrival. Mrs. Lauber takes the walk because she enjoys walking in the open air.

The Hamburg-American, the Cunard Line and the White Star Steamship Company have signed a contract with the Directors of the Port under the terms of which Boston will build a drydock large enough to accommodate the largest ship afloat. The contract, after a few minor changes, will be signed by the Directors of the Port here. The dock is to be the largest in the world. The steamship companies agree to pay to the city \$50,000 a year, whether they use the drydock or not, or if they use it more than the number of times agreed upon, they will pay the regular drydock rates. This rate is to be paid the city for twenty years.

Owing to the poisoning of the Bruges-Ostend Canal the harbor at Ostend a few days ago was covered with the floating bodies of myriads of dead fresh water fish. There are many mills on the banks of the canal which discharge chemicals of various kinds, but no such wholesale poisoning of fish had ever occurred before. The water could hardly be seen for the white and silver bodies. Passengers by the steamers leaving for Dover were astonished at the spectacle. There were great carp, trout, bream, and dozens of other kinds of fish. Dead eels, floating stiff and straight, looked like black sticks against the background of silver scales and fins. Some very virulent poison must have found its way into the canal. The pungent smell of the fish pervaded Ostend.

The explosion of dry batteries with which he was experimenting caused serious injury the other day to Perry T. W. Hale, Yale's star fullback in the team of '99 and one of the greatest all-around athletes who ever attended the University. Fragments of the batteries flying in his face cut him over and under the eyes and it is feared that the sight of his left eye is permanently gone. His brother, Kellogg Hale, and Harry Dagnall, a cousin, were severely cut on face and body. All three were taken to the Middlesex Hospital, where they were attended by Dr. Mitchell, who said the injuries of all were most serious, but those of Perry Hale gravest because of the danger to his eyesight. The men were at work in a laboratory that Mr. Hale has in the rear of his residence. There has been such a plague of chicken thieves on the Connecticut farms that Hale sought to plan an electric alarm especially adaptable for the detection of barnyard marauders, and had before him a group of dry batteries. The crossing of wires overcharged the batteries and there was an explosion that sent jagged fragments flying in all directions. Perry Hale, after leaving Yale, became prominent in politics. He was for a time city engineer of Middletown and has been spoken of prominently as a candidate for Sheriff of Middlesex County.

ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

HOW ASBESTOS IS SPUN.

When it leaves the cobbing-sheds asbestos is sent to the spinning-mills in bags containing about one hundred pounds. It is then first carded by a machine somewhat resembling the saw-tooth gin seen in cotton-mills. This machine separates the tangled fibers, upon the completion of which operation there occurs a final carding on a regular carding-machine. Leaving this carding-machine, the asbestos is combed smoothly and the fibers are laid parallel in a uniform mass.

A JAPANESE PILE-DRIVER.

A Japanese pile-driver consists of two guide poles supported vertically over the spot where the pile is to be driven. Mounted between the guide poles is the hammer, which consists of a heavy block kept between the guides by means of cross pieces secured to it. At the top of the guide poles are two pulleys over which pass ropes attached to the hammer at one end and each tied at the other end to a dozen hand ropes. These are seized by gangs of men on opposite sides of the guide poles who haul the weight to the top of the pile-driver and then let it drop on the pile below.

A LARGE DEMAND FOR RADIUM.

As a result of the unprecedented demand for radium and mesothorium in Germany the price of the former has gone up \$10,000 a gram. It is now quoted at \$115,000 a gram. Cautions have been sent out to institutions and laboratories which are endeavoring to get even the smallest portion of the radium, warning them against spurious radium which is appearing on the market. The craze for radium and the enormous prices offered are said to be giving strong impetus to the incentive to swindling, and several cases are said to have been reported. There are 453.6 grams in a pound Troy and therefore radium at \$115,000 a gram would sell for \$52,164,000 a pound, an advance of \$4,536,000 a pound. However, there is only about a gram of radium in existence.

GREAT FISHING POOLS.

Fish by the thousands are being caught in pools along Esopus Creek, New York, in peach baskets fastened to the ends of poles. In some places the supply is so plentiful that it is possible to pick the fish out with the bare hand. Many complaints have been made against the practice as a violation of the game laws.

The situation has been made possible by the closing of the Ashokan dam. Since then the water in the creek, from the dam to Saugerties, has dwindled to a little trickling brook. Wherever there is a natural barrier, like a rock ledge or a clay bank, in the stream the water has settled back into the natural basins and pools.

Bass, sunfish, catfish, perch and other fish have sought refuge in the pools and deep holes by thousands and can be scooped out with baskets.

The violators so far are said to be half-grown boys, but some men are reported to be engaged in it as well. Game Protector Fred De Witt is after the poachers, and if found they will be arrested.

The only streams of any size running into the Esopus between the dam and Saugerties are the Sawkill and the Plattekill creeks, between Kingston and Saugerties. These streams are almost dry, and between the Esopus and a short distance up these streams there are waterfalls of considerable height over which no fish except those of the trout family can mount. The Great Falls, at Glenorie, are practically dry, only little trickles of water going over them.

The Ulster County Fish and Game Protective Association is seeking permission from the Conservation Commission to net the fish from the pools and holes in the Esopus and remove them to streams like the Walkill and the Rondout, where there is plenty of water. If this is not allowed the fish will soon die by the millions.

A NEW TREE-PLANTING MACHINE.

A tree-planting machine has been invented by a resident of Ephraim, Utah, and tried by government foresters at the Utah experiment station. If the invention proves as valuable as it promises, its adoption in the reforestation work of the forest service is likely to follow. With such a mechanical planter the personal element that now enters largely into the planting of each individual tree can be practically eliminated. This personal element counts for a great deal, tree experts say, as some men sacrifice efficiency for speed, and are likely to put a tree in the ground with the roots bent back and upward, and this in many instances retards growth or even kills the little tree. Various tree-planting devices have been tried at different times for putting small seedlings into the ground. One of these consists of a large wheel set with spikes, which, as the wheel revolves over the surface of the ground, punches holes as with the old-fashioned dibble. Pine seedlings gathered in bundles are automatically dropped into these holes and the earth firmed in about them. This machine, however, is of use only on level ground and in soft soil—conditions not found in the mountain areas of the national forests. The new Utah device is a hand tool, working on the principle of the corn planter, by which the individual tree is dropped into a hole made by the machine and the roots covered with soil as the planter is removed.

This is only one of the many schemes which have been tried for tree planting. Broadcast sowing has proved too expensive of seed. One of the most successful devices for dropping seed is a heavy rake with a hollow handle. By means of this the soil is stirred and the seed is then dropped and covered by means of the rake, the operator using a small lever at the top of the handle to release the proper number of seeds contained therein.

ITCH POWDER.

Gee whiz! What fun you can have with this stuff. Moisten the tip of your finger, tap it on the contents of the box, and a little bit will stick. Then shake hands with your friend, or drop a speck down his back. In a minute he will feel as if he had the seven years' itch. It make him scratch, roar, squirm and face. But it is perfectly harmless, as made from the seeds of wild roses. The itch stops in a few minutes, or can be checked immediately by rubbing the spot a wet cloth. While it is working, you be apt to laugh your suspender buttons. The best joke of all. Price 16 cents a box, postpaid.

LFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

GOOD LUCK BANKS.

Ornamental as well as useful. Made of highly nickelized brass. It holds just one dollar. When filled it opens itself. Remains locked until refilled. Can be used as a watchcharm. Money refunded if not satisfied. Price, 10c. by mail.

F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

ACHOO OR SNEEZING POWDER.

The greatest fun-maker of them all. A small amount of this powder, when blown in a room, will cause everyone to sneeze without anyone knowing where it comes from. It is very light, will float in the air some time, and penetrate every nook and corner of a room. It is perfectly harmless. It is put up in bottles, and one contains enough to be used from 10 to 100 times. Price, by mail, 10c. each; 3 for 25c. NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

X-RAY WONDER

This is a wonderful little optical illusion. In use, you apparently see the bones in your hand, the hole in a pipe-stem, the lead in a pencil, etc. The principle on which it is operated cannot be explained here, but it will afford no end of fun for any person who has one. Price, 15c. by mail, postpaid.

F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE SWIMMING FISH

Here is a fine mechanical toy. It is an imitation goldfish, about 4½ inches long, and contains a water-tight compartment which will not allow it to sink. To keep it in a vertical position, the lower fin is ballasted. To make it work, a spring is wound up. You then throw it in the water, the machinery inside causes the tail to move, and propel it in the most lifelike manner. When it runs down the fish floats until recovered, and it can then be rewound. Between two of these fishes are very strong. Price, 25 cents each by mail, postpaid.

EHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

LAUGHABLE EGG TRICK

This is the funniest trick ever exhibited and always produces roars of laughter. The performer says to the audience that he requires some eggs for one of his experiments. As no spectator carries any, he has his assistant, taps him on top of the head, and an egg comes out of his ear. This is repeated until six eggs are produced. It is an easy trick to perform, once known how, and always makes a hit. Directions given for working it. Price, 25 cents by mail, postpaid.

F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

CARTER AEROPLANE No. 1.

Will fly on a horizontal line 150 feet! Can be flown in the house, and will not injure itself nor anything in the room. The most perfect little aeroplane made. The motive power is furnished by twisted rubber bands contained within the tubular body of the machine. It is actuated by a propeller at each end revolving in opposite directions. Variation in height may be obtained by moving the planes and the balance weights. It can be made to fly either to the right or the left by moving the balance sides before it is released for flight. Price, 25 cents each, delivered.

F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.



REMININGTON UMC

Solid-breech Hammerless .22 REPEATER

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ASTHMA

WHISTLEPHONE

This is one of the greatest musical instruments ever invented. It is made entirely of metal and is almost invisible when in use. With it, in a few moments, you can learn to play all kinds of tunes, have lots of fun, please and amuse your friends and make some money, too. Fine for either song or piano accompaniment or by itself alone. You place the whistlephone in the mouth with half circle out, place end of tongue to rounded part and blow gently as if to cool the lips. A few trials will enable one to play any tune or air.

Price 6 cents each by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

PIGGY IN A COFFIN.

This is a wicked pig that died at an early age, and here he is in his coffin ready for burial. There will be a great many mourners at his funeral, for this coffin, pretty as it looks, is very tricky, and the man who gets it open will feel real grief. The coffin is made of metal, perfectly shaped and beautifully lacquered. The trick is to open it to see the pig. The man that tries it gets his fingers and feelings hurt, and piggy comes out to grunt at his victims. The tubular end of the coffin, which everyone (in trying to open) presses inward, contains a needle which stabs the victim in his thumb or finger every time. This is the latest and a very "impressive" trick. It can be opened easily by anyone in the secret, and as a neat catch-joke to save yourself from a bore is unsurpassed. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c., postpaid; one dozen by express, 75c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

SLIDE THE PENCIL.

The pencil that keeps them guessing. Made of wood and lead just like an ordinary pencil, but when your victim starts to write with it—presto! the lead disappears. It is so constructed that the slightest pressure on the paper makes the lead slide into the wood. Very funny and a practical joke.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid; 3 for 25c.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

MICROSCOPE.

By use of this wonderful little microscope you can magnify a drop of stagnant water until you see dozens of crawling insects; is also useful for inspecting grain, pork, linen, and numerous other articles. This little instrument does equally as good work as the best microscopes and is invaluable to the household. Is made of best finished brass; size when closed 1x2½ inches. Price, 30c.

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You Can Make \$8.00 PER 100 COLLECTING year neighbors names for our Directory. All kinds of names wanted. Send 10 cents postage for blank book and outfit. We want a million names quick. WATSON & CO., McKinley Park, CHICAGO, ILL.

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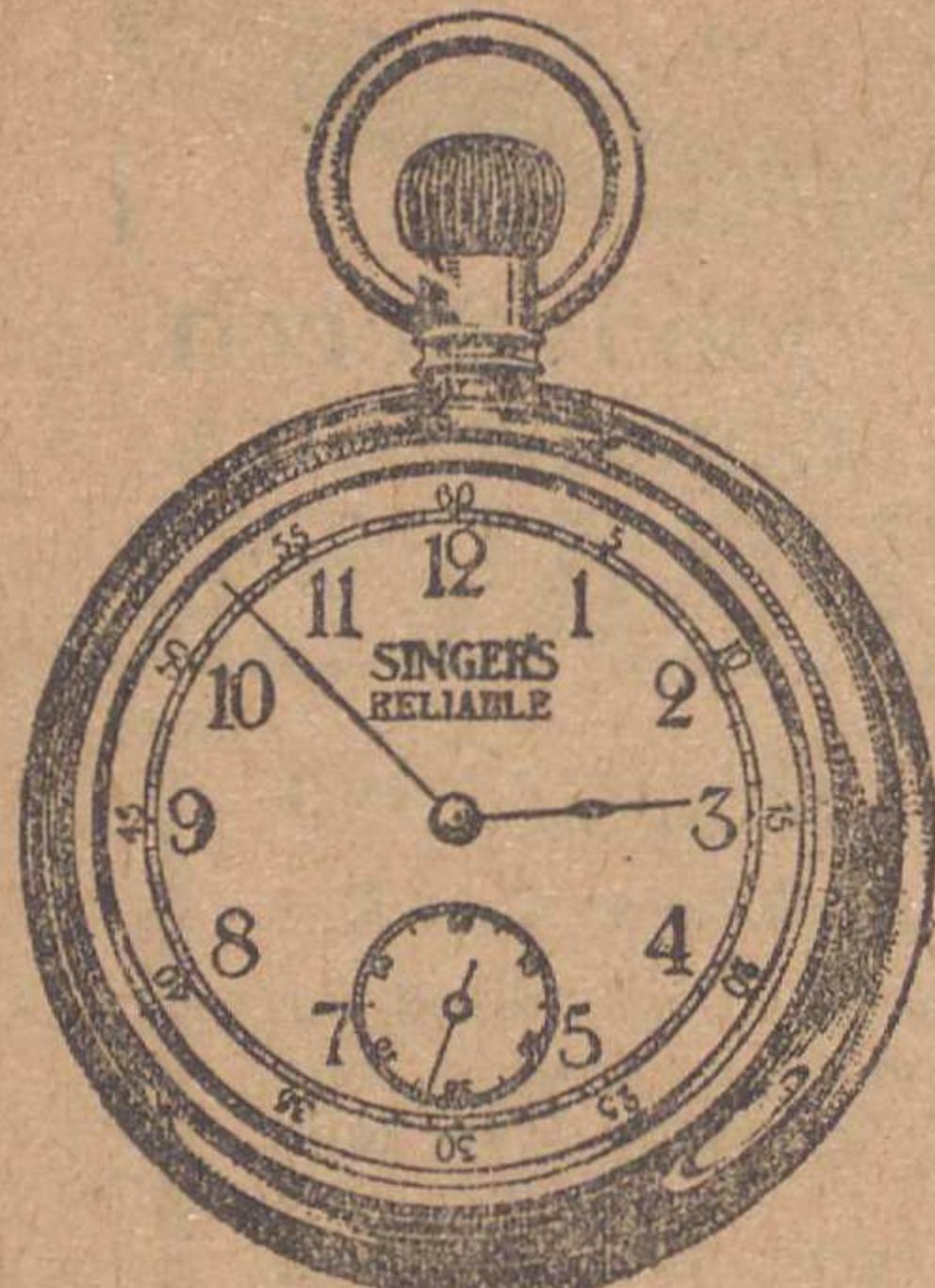
They come six in a box. A wonderful imitation of the real tack. Made of rubber. The box in which they come is the ordinary tack box. This is a great parlor entertainer and you can play a lot of tricks with the tacks. Place them in the palm of your hand, point upward. Then slap the other hand over the tacks and it will seem as if you are committing suicide. Or you can show the tacks and then put them in your mouth and chew them, making believe you have swallowed them. Your friends will think you are a magician. Then, again, you can exhibit the tacks and then quickly push one in your cheek or somebody else's cheek and they will shriek with fear. Absolutely harmless and a very practical and funny joke.

Price by mail, 10c. a box of 6 tacks; 3 for 25c. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.



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It is American-made, open face, stem wind and set, and will run from 30 to 36 hours with one winding. The movement is the same size as an expensive railroad timepiece, absolutely accurate, and each one is guaranteed. The cases are made in Gold Plate, Polished Nickel, Gun-metal with Gilt center and plain Gun-metal.

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My six inches wide.

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This cigar is made in exact imitation of a good one. It is held by a rubber cord which, with the attached safety pin, is fastened on the inside of the sleeve. When offered to a friend, as it is about to be taken, it will instantly disappear.

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C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.



STAR AND CRESCENT PUZZLE.

The puzzle is to separate the one star from the linked star and crescent without using force. Price by mail, postpaid 10c.; 3 for 25c.

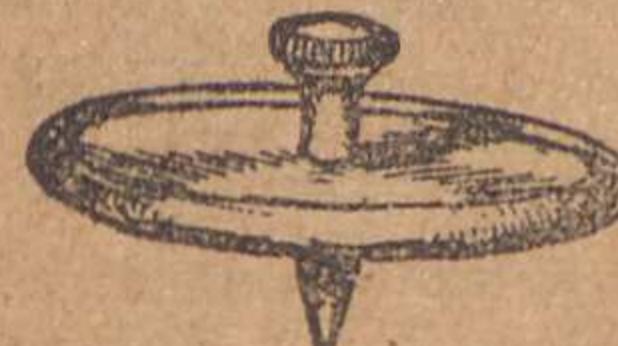
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Price 12 cents each, by mail, post-paid

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and has an outer casing. The top of the shank has a milled edge for winding it up. When wound, you merely lift the outer casing, and the top spins at such a rapid speed that the balance rim keeps it going a long time. Without doubt the handsomest and best top on the market.

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Fool Your Friends—The greatest novelty of the age! Have a joke which makes everybody laugh. More fun than any other novelty that has been shown in years. Place it on a desk, tablecloth, or any piece of furniture, as shown in the above cut, near some valuable papers, or on fine wearing apparel. Watch the result! Oh, Gee! Price, 15c. each, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

THE FLUTOPHONE.



A new musical instrument, producing the sweetest dulcet tones of the flute. The upper part of the instrument is placed in the mouth, the lips covering the openings in the centre. Then by blowing gently upon it you can play

any tune desired as easily as whistling. But little practice is required to become a finished player. It is made entirely of metal, and will last a lifetime. We will send full instructions with each instrument.

Price 8 cents, by mail, postpaid.

A. A. WARFORD, 16 Hart St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE AUTOPHONE.



A small musical instrument that produces very sweet musical notes by placing it between the lips with the tongue over the edge, and blowing gently into the instrument. The notes produced are not unlike those of the fife and flute. We send full printed instructions whereby anyone can play

anything they can hum, whistle or sing, with very little practice. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c., mailed, postpaid.

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A wonderful imported p novelty. By a simple man lation of the wooden handle number of beautiful figures be produced. It takes on se combinations of male & colors. Price, 10c., p.

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A handsome metal instrument, made in Germany from which peculiar sweet music can be produced. Its odd shape, which resembles a torpedo boat, will attract much attention. We send instructions with each instrument, by the aid of which anyone can in short time play any tune and produce very sweet music on this odd-looking instrument.

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H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE PEG JUMPER.

A very effective pocket trick, easy to be performed by any one. A miniature paddle is shown. Central holes are drilled through it. A wooden peg is inside of the upper hole. Shoving both sides of the paddle, the performer causes by simply breathing upon it, the peg to leave the upper hole, and appear in the middle one. Then it jumps to the lower hole, back to the middle one, and lastly to the upper hole. Both sides of the paddle are repeatedly shown.

Price by mail, 10c.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

ELECTRIC PUSH BUTTON.—The base is made of maple, and the center part of black wood, the whole thing about $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter, with a metal hook on the back so that it may be slipped over edge of the vest pocket. Exploit to view your New Electric Bell, when your friend pushes the button expecting to hear it.

As soon as he touches it, you will see something the liveliest dancing you ever witnessed. Electric Button is heavily charged and will give a smart shock when the button is pushed.

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